JOHN BULL, week ending May 4, 1943

JOHN BULL

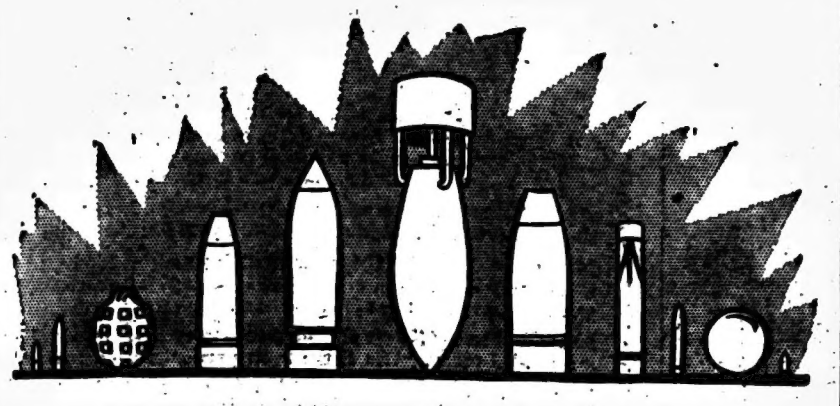
VOL. LXXIII. 1924

3D EVERY THURSDAY

CHEATING THE BRAVE by the EDITOR

NEW ACES OF THE SPITFIRE BATTLES

THE DEVIL IS SICK... by A.G.G.



A good range of patterns

There are plenty of styles for the fighting front; there are also plenty of patterns for the civilian front—but you must drop into a branch of The Fifty Shilling Tailors to see how many. As experienced tailors who know what our public want, we make it our business to see that our customers get the best that's going. There are grades of Utility cloth, but we are only interested in the best. We use no other in our suits; and you can purchase those suits for 95/- instead of £5 3s. 5d. which is the highest price allowed by the Government. In cut and style, they are as good as ever, and all made to measure. A smart suit, made from the best cloth available, a saving of more than half a Certificate on each suit, and prompt delivery: that is our conception of tailoring service in war time.

We Take Care of the Customer

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS (*Props.: Prices Tailors Ltd.*)

OVER 350 BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES & TOWNS

NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD

Housewives all over the country are adopting this wartime washing method

Takes one-third less soap and half the water—saves half a bucket of coal (or 40 cubic feet of gas)

TO help housewives to get the very best results with their washing under wartime conditions, the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have worked out a method which uses less fuel, less water and less soap—*and* gets the clothes really clean. This method cuts out the need for boiling.

Here is what you do:

1. Start with *half* the amount of water you used to use, and let it be hot, but not boiling.
2. Into this sprinkle *two-thirds* the amount of Rinso you normally use, and whisk up to a good lather. Be sure you have sufficient suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.
3. Put in your whites first and leave to soak for 12 minutes only. That's all they need.
4. After a wash-through and a couple of rinses they're ready, brilliantly clean!

Do the same with coloureds, *using the same suds.*

You'll find this way a wonderful help to you on wartime washdays. Be sure to try it next Monday. Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, 1 coupon. 7d. packet, 2 coupons.

R 3171-414 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

BUYING RUBBER HEELS?

then read this:.

Now that all rubber heels must be made from *regenerated* rubber, you might think that there's not much to choose between one and another. Well, next time you order a pair of heels, remember this; Goodyear, the largest producer of rubber products in the world, are naturally at a decided advantage; for in the manufacture of heels, Goodyear can bring to bear quite unequalled experience, manufacturing skill and resources resulting in a product which is a miracle of fine quality in wartime.

Goodyear heels still give you the utmost economy and satisfaction it is possible to obtain. Ask your repairer to fit them.

GOODYEAR

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews

8 ozs. 2/-, including purchase tax.

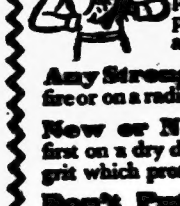
(28)

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

BETTER WEAR from your SHOES

LEATHER AND RUBBER are essential war materials *and they are scarce.* Here are some hints on how to get the very most out of your boots and shoes.

Two Pairs of Shoes worn alternate days, will last much longer than the same two pairs worn without rest. The "day off" gives the leather time to recover and dry out.



Regular Cleaning and Polishing not only improve the looks but lengthen the life of your shoes. First remove dirt and dust, then rub the polish well in to feed the leather and keep it pliable. Always apply polish when shoes are to be put away for a time. Remove the laces occasionally and work the polish well in round the eyelets.

Any Strong Heat ruins wet shoes—*don't* dry them close to the fire or on a radiator. And never sit with your feet close to the fire.

New or Newly Repaired Shoes should be worn first on a dry day. This enables the soles to pick up a coating of grit which protects them for the future.

Don't Put Off Till Tomorrow the repairs that are needed today. Watch the heels particularly—a run-down heel may cause the shoe to wear out long before its time. And always take the advice of your repairer.

Why not Exchange Children's Outgrown Shoes?

In countless cupboards throughout the country, children's shoes are lying idle, not because they are outworn but because they are outgrown. What a help it would be if mothers would pass these shoes on to a friend, whose child could wear them. Or perhaps the local school, welfare clinic, or some local women's organisation may already be running a children's shoe exchange—or be planning to run one. It's worth finding out, anyhow.

NO RING ON HER FINGER...

NO RINGS ON HER PHONE...

Men couldn't forgive her being guilty of Oral Offence. Don't take risks. Use Colgate Dental Cream—the tooth-paste that keeps your teeth sparkling and your mouth fragrant.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

1/1 *Including Tax*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

Thanks to

Fennings

CHILDREN'S POWDERS
EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS
SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 *and* 3/-
Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks
Send 3d. in stamps to: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL
THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.
HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food—Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 1, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

IDLE WAR TOOLS

● **Neatly stacked in warehouses, batteries of machine tools are lying idle.**

They are not worn-out, these expensive accumulators of dust and rust. They are brand new, straight from the makers' plant, ready to produce millions of war weapons, but apparently condemned to produce nothing except the indignation of the few people who know about them.

Officialdom will not issue licences for their use because, it is said, there just isn't the man-power available to keep them running.

Yet there is evidently sufficient man-power to continue the manufacture of them.

So more and more machines are being completed without any guarantee that they will ever be used!

This unpleasant paradox, we may hope, will not be allowed to continue much longer.

Straight from the Shoulder

COMING STORM

BITTER and vital as is the Tunisian battle, it cannot remain much longer the focal point of war news.

Canada's Prime Minister warns us to prepare for the invasion of Europe "at any time," and no time could be more opportune than the few weeks ahead.

On His Toes

The enemy certainly fears that the war's climax is imminent. Hence his very frequent reconnaissance raids—in which the few bombs dropped are merely incidental to the main purpose of photographing our ports.

Hence, too, the increasing daring of his inquisitive E boats.

At the Ready

Though he may not be satisfied with his defences—for no defences can be invulnerable—he boasts that they are now complete.

Even in Oslo, many streets have been dammed by concrete walls and the rest "covered" by strong machine-gun nests.

Line to London

The French coast has been paved with concrete. A Nazi general claims that, at the Hook of Holland alone, 10,000 Dutch workers have been busy on fortifications for a whole year.

But often, a neutral journalist reports, labourers are caught making detailed sketches of guns, tank traps and observation points.

It may be that they have built not only a line of fortifications but a line of communications to London!

Way Down South

In Southern Europe, Nazi-made defences are weaker, but natural obstacles present formidable difficulties to an invading army.

Wherever we strike, the task will be costly, despite our air and naval power. But we shall begin it well armed with experience. Tunisia, indeed, has been a valuable rehearsal.

False Confidence

As A. B. Austin of the *Daily Herald* has caustically written from the battle front: "I do not like to think what might have happened if Tunis and Bizerta had fallen at the first blow, and if the First Army and the Americans, both full of false confidence, had landed somewhere in Europe."

Those armies should now have been stiffened and their false confidence modified into a shrewd appraisal of the enemy's strength.

Second Stalingrad

The confidence long felt by Alexander and Montgomery has been of a different order. They knew the power of the Eighth Army and its air support, and the present battle should justify their predictions.

Tunisia is rapidly becoming a second Stalingrad.

Shipping Losses

It is on the high seas that we are still facing the gravest menace. The American report that the Allies lost 7,500,000 tons of shipping last year is not official, but is probably near the truth.

Even though 1942 building kept ahead of losses, it is evident that the U-boats remain a major danger to our entire war effort.

Air Mastery

The Battle of Europe will begin and end with Allied air supremacy. More and more the enemy's 'planes are being reduced to mere support of ground defences.

The latter are so strong, however, that we must expect the R.A.F. losses to continue at a fairly high rate.

New Bombs

Yet those losses are low in regard to the immense damage caused by our round-the-clock bombing offensive.

From the U.S.A. comes news of two bombs that the R.A.F. has been secretly using for some time. One is a 2,000-pounder with a blast effect that goes outwards instead of upwards; the other, a 4,000 pound incendiary.

More 'planes

Air Marshal Harris can be certain of getting the replacements he will need. None the less, aircraft production must rise still higher if we are to obtain the "surplus" we require for the Far East.

The aircraft industry, therefore, should be made 100 per cent. efficient.

Private or Public!

Sir Stafford Cripps' determination to brush away the cobwebs in managerial offices has raised a cloud of dust. How dare the fellow poke his nose into rooms marked Private!

But if Sir Stafford made public a few guarded facts about the aircraft industry, the private-enterprise champions would be shamed into silence.

His Spring clean must go on.

Soviet Struggle

In southern Russia, the Germans are straining their arms to keep open the gate to the Caucasus; the equally brawny Russians have slightly tugged it towards closure.

They are realists, these allies of ours. Even if they succeed in slamming the gate, they say, Hitler will bring up his battering ram in late Spring or summer to assail it once again.

Goebbels' Trap

As for the Germans' claim that hundreds of Polish officers have been butchered in the Soviet Union, it bears every appearance of a Goebbels' trap into which the Polish Government has fallen.

A disheartening manifestation of disunity among the United Nations! On the other hand, there is reason to believe that the U.S.A. has plans for ending the political disunity in North Africa.

First Step

Excellent, too, is the assurance of Sir William Jowitt that international unity is being sought in framing the future of civil aviation.

Britain is now conferring with the Dominions and India. If a common policy is agreed, it will be submitted to other members of the United Nations.

Till then, the Government remains uncommitted; evidently it has made up its mind to give no support to the short-sighted advocates of a free-for-all scramble that would make the air as dangerous in peace as in war.

Coal and Power

But in other matters the Government itself is showing a lamentable lack of foresight.

The coal situation is becoming as serious as some of us predicted, and there is no sign yet that it will be treated by anything more than a few short-term and half-hearted expedients.

Fresh trouble will be stirred up, moreover, by Mr. Tom Johnston's Bill to develop hydro-electric power in the Scottish Highlands.

Bevin Surpassed

It will create a new record of war time obstruction by the Old Gang of Tory reactionaries; its appalling total of 250 amendments will out-do the fuss aroused by Mr. Bevin's Catering Bill.

Milk and Water

Another Bill just introduced reveals Government's hesitation at its worst.

It is a Town and Country Planning measure that plans nothing, a milk-and-water stopgap that may or may not save the land from speculators until the Government can make up its mind.

Eight Months

A real effort to defeat the speculators and the jerry-builders was presented eight months ago—in the form of the final Uthwatt Report.

But after eight months, according to the Prime Minister, the Government has not completed its examination of the report!

Is this because, though the examining committee of high civil servants unanimously recommended adoption of all the Uthwatt proposals, some Ministers have found them very unpalatable?

Nothing Doing

Our land, our cities and potential industrial sites cannot be replanned until the fate of the Uthwatt Report is settled. Meanwhile, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning is as powerless as a hamstrung white elephant.

By its failure to adopt the Uthwatt proposals, by its timidity in dealing with the more "human" proposals of the Beveridge Report, the Government is dealing a hard blow at the faith of its supporters.

A1 Britain

More comprehensive yet no more costly than one section of the Beveridge recommendations, it is claimed, is the Labour Party's new plan for a national health service.

No intelligent citizen could doubt that it would raise Britain to the status of an A1 nation in the world's health tables.

Now's the Time

It raises again, moreover, the issue whether this country is to embark not only on the most gigantic military enterprise of all time, but also upon a series of social reforms which our fighting men and war workers have so amply earned.

It is in war that plans for the peace must be laid. And the people of Britain will not be content without them.

(Continued overleaf)

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR FIRE WATCHER'S WIDOW

While Mr. T. Gourlay, of Middlesbrough, a registered reader of "John Bull," was fire watching during a recent raid he received fatal injuries from an anti-aircraft shell splinter. In acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque his widow writes: "Please accept my grateful thanks for your cheque which will certainly be a great help."

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S).

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MORE ration cuts may be imposed when we open new battle-fronts.

They won't come as a surprise. Anyhow, no shopping shock could be worse than the blundering edict which now gives official blessing to the traders who reserve titbits for "good customers."

Under the Counter

What a fillip for the under-the-counter racket!

"No, I can't spare you any unrationed food. As you're only an old-age pensioner, you don't spend enough with me to make it worth my while."

"No, madam, nothing for you to-day. Yes, I know your husband is home on forty-eight-hours leave, but you aren't one of my best customers."

If You Can Pay

That isn't our idea of a war of equal sacrifices and equal opportunities. Though sometimes we wonder whether the war didn't end years ago without our noticing it.

We wondered the other day when we went round London's most exclusive food store. We could have bought nice little bottles of pineapples in brandy and rhubarb in rum—at 17s. 6d. a time.

All or Nothing

Which reminds us that twice recently the wife of a JOHN BULL man, after queueing for some foodstuff in short supply, has asked whether she could have half the quantity offered—in fairness to the people still waiting who might get nothing.

In both cases another woman in the queue was willing to go halves with her. In both cases the shop assistant refused.

Unlucky Twenty-five

One shop was selling cake by the pound. The girl would not cut it roughly into half-pounds.

With the result that twenty-five women in the queue found not a crumb left for them, while some of the lucky one's hadn't wanted more than half a pound.

Such minor absurdities can become major annoyances in these days.

No, No, Mr. Brown

After shopping, rent is the next favourite topic of domestic conversation.

Mr. Ernest Brown "has no power" to fix maximum rents for London flats. We thought he'd say that, and we don't suppose it will occur to him to take emergency powers. So it is to local authorities that we must look for action against the rent ramp that is sweeping not only London but the whole country.

Happy Hunting

Birmingham, says a councillor, is a happy hunting ground for rapacious landlords. The housing shortage caused by bombing is reaping small fortunes for the unscrupulous.

A woman of seventy could not get the landlord to do essential repairs to the house she had rented for thirty years. In desperation, she withheld a week's payments.

At once came a notice to quit—and a hint that hundreds of bombed-out families would be glad to get the house.

Blind Eyes

Well, Birmingham's tenant movement has recovered quite a few excess payments. In Sheffield, rent racketeers have been fined £70.

But the authorities of some other cities seem wilfully blind to the evil. It would be interesting to discover why.

Empty Houses

Ultimately, the position must be eased by rebuilding programmes. Manchester takes the lead in this respect.

It proposes to buy empty houses where the sites are suitable for permanent housing development.

Castles to Let

And the building societies are willing to lend money on a big scale after the war to build houses for letting.

Expecting that people will become more "mobile," they presume that the house will not be "the Englishman's castle" quite so much in future.

The Ideal

But what's wrong with selling your house and buying another when you move?

We'll tell you—the lawyer's high fees, which may amount to £50 for the exchange, with perhaps another £25 for the estate agent.

Our view is that "every man his own house" is still a good ideal. We don't like landlordism.

Behind the News

- **Tangier is to become chief Nazi spy centre for Africa and Europe; trusted agents are pouring in to take up their posts of observation.**
- ***Struggle between Rumania's dictator Antonescu and his Vice-Premier brother is growing desperate. Both men have surrounded themselves with bodyguard, and go in fear of their lives.***
- **Austrians are clamouring for more A.A. guns from Germany since raid on Skoda; they fear that Austrian industrial centres will soon be bombed.**
- **Todt labour organisation has been so speeded-up that many defence works finished recently are shoddy and must be rebuilt.**
- ***Panzers and dive-bombers, according to the German Press, are being used against guerillas in Serbia.***
- **Neutrals report again that Conservative German generals, headed by Bock, are ready to take over when Hitler fails.**
- **Luftwaffe crews are having to fly twice as long as our pilots.**
- ***Private reports insist that Hitler has warned Balkan satellites that if they fail to unite against Allied invasion, Germany will scorch their countries in the event of having to withdraw.***
- **Mussolini is trying to get Marshal Badoglio to return as C.-in-C., to revive both national and army morale.**
- **Figures may be soon issued to show that Axis shipping losses have been so great—comparatively more than five times the Allied figure—that German railway and canal congestion is beyond cure.**
- ***All able-bodied people of German descent in neutral countries have been threatened with reprisals if they do not return home before May 15 to fight or do other war work.***

- **Italian prisoners, paid for their land work here, have asked permission to invest their earnings in national savings certificates.**

They have been told that the money will be used in the war effort against their country.

"Yes," they say, "but we know the money will be safe."

Evidently, too, they have no doubt which way the war is going.

Good Plan

Labour's proposals for a ten-year housing plan, coupled with a short-term plan to meet temporary needs, seem to us the best contribution yet made to this all-important part of post-war reconstruction.

Read them for yourself in the Labour Party's pamphlet, "Housing and Planning After the War." It's worth the twopence.

Pot Luck

The lives of young children at Chelmsford—which the enemy claims to have bombed recently—seem of little account to the authorities.

The only raid shelters provided at an infants' school are for the staff, the children having to herd behind a blast wall in an old building.

Parents object to this arrangement. So should we all.

Muddle Deepens

As for the fire guard muddle, worst of the war, it has been aggravated by the new N.F.S. scheme.

The confusion has been so confounded, indeed, that yet another official statement may be issued "shortly." It's always "shortly." Is it too much to hope that next time the statement will be sensible, simple, and satisfactory?

On Their Toes

Meanwhile, we may also pose the question whether Civil Defence will be made more efficient by militarism.

It seems doubtful if firewomen will be able to operate 'phone calls more quickly if their eyebrows are unplucked, or if firemen become prouder of their uniform when they are rebuked for wearing their caps at a rakish angle while walking out with their wives.

Chance of Promotion

It's the Army, nowadays, that often presents an example of unconventionality. An artisan reader reports: "Our boy in the Royal Tank Corps worried because he thought his C.O. didn't want him to get a commission. So we wrote to the War Office.

"The brass hats invited us to come along. 'You know your boy better than we do—tell us about him,' they said. They were kindness itself.

"We told them all right, and now he's going to get his chance."

JOHN BULL doesn't care if that little story does bring more letters to the War Office—it deserves to be told.

No Secret

Whereas the Brains Trust merits a rebuke for tilting at non-existent windmills. It should surely know that there are no "patent medicines" and "secret remedies" to-day.

Instead, the public buys branded proprietary medicaments, in every case the formula is clearly shown on the package, while every reputable line and its advertising are scrutinised by a doctor who was formerly secretary to the British Medical Association!

Panel for All

Incidentally, "panel" doctoring for all should mean less doctoring.

One panel patient and a private patient both suffer from the same disease and are treated by the same doctor.

Both receive a drug which occasionally causes a bad reaction. The panel patient has been told how to relieve these ill-effects, whereas the private patient has to send for the doctor every time.

You see, it isn't convenient to give away the tricks of the trade when you are paid for them!

In the Bank

Nor is it wise to pay wages by cheque to men who have no banking account.

Yet we understand that Warwickshire County Council, having raised a hope months ago of a more sensible system, has yet to start paying its roadmen in cash.

Double Tax

Worse, by far, is an anomaly by which Servicemen are mulcted.

Two brothers serving in Africa receive allowances from their old employers. One, an airman, has had tax for both civil and Service pay deducted from that allowance—while tax was deducted from the Service pay as well. His brother, an Army officer, was similarly made to pay twice over.

Their father has obtained a redress for them after much trouble, but have they been the only victims?

Pay-as-you-Go

At first sight, that may seem an argument against the pay-as-you-go system of income tax, which has proved so successful in Canada.

It isn't. It's just bad bookkeeping.

Easier to Budget

For workers whose wages fluctuate, for people whose earnings will slump when peace abolishes overtime, the carry-over system of tax paying can result in needless hardship.

Most of us now have tax deducted from our pay packets. Why shouldn't it be tax on present earnings instead of last year's income?

Problem of Duty

High indirect taxation will be reduced after the war, yet will leave problems in its wake.

There's that duty of 157s. 6d. on a proof gallon of whisky. Other countries have learned from us that whisky is a golden egg for revenue, and we doubt if they will reduce their duties on it even if we do. So one of our best export trades will suffer.

Hence the Shortage

Whisky reminds us of bottles containing a milder liquid—of the empty milk bottles that lie derelict in the streets.

In one district, dustmen collected hundreds of them. But the owners weren't interested, and the dustmen are not going to bother any more.

Housewives who return jars and bottles to shops often meet with equal discouragement.

New Effort

We needn't emphasise that any waste of material is a brake on the war effort.

But if the Government needs an idea for a new savings campaign, here's one begging for notice.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

CHEATING THE BRAVE

WHILE politicians talk, brave men, broken in their country's service, are still being treated like beggars.

War pensions are being refused or whittled down to miserable pittances by disgraceful evasions.

The scandal of haggling with heroes continues in the face of outraged public opinion.

JOHN BULL has done its utmost ever since the war began to shame the Government into action.

Again and again, by exposure of the facts and by direct intervention, we have induced the Ministry of Pensions to reconsider individual cases of shocking hardship.

In the first week of this year we asked our readers to join with us in making reform of the Royal Warrant and an upward revision of war pensions our "Resolution No. 1."

For a year and more, we have persistently campaigned for independent appeal tribunals to judge the claims of war sufferers who have been denied pension. In this respect, we have met with some success.

After much shuffling and evasion, the Government has now agreed to set up the tribunals at once.

At first there will be nine of them, each presided over by a lawyer, and including a doctor and a Service representative.

Thus, we may hope, cases of abominable injustice may be righted.

But this cannot be the end of our campaign. We shall not be satisfied until the disabled receive adequate pensions instead of mere pittances.

What else than a pittance is 37s. 6d. a week for a man who has lost both eyes, or both legs, or both arms?

Does it not outrage the public conscience that, to gain a few shillings more to sustain his shattered life, he must go cap in hand to a public assistance committee?

FOR here is an issue of plain right or wrong. The Government knows, just as we all know, that numbers of discharged soldiers, together with many war widows and dependent relatives, are suffering hardship through official parsimony.

And if our democratic system cannot put this wrong right without months of chatter in sub-committees and Central Advisory Committees, then so much the worse for the system.

We are certain that if this necessary and inevitable reform were given the priority it deserves, legislation could be rushed through.

There is nothing "controversial" about it. Plain justice demands swift action.

Already some people are calling the Ministry of Pensions "the Ministry of Meanness," and the indignation of responsible, level-headed citizens is growingly outspoken.

Councillor Schofield, a member of the Oldham and District War Pensions Committee, is one among many who complain that the Ministry ignores their protests.

He has a long list of applicants who are not in receipt of a farthing though they are "unfit to work, shattered in health and spirit, and dependent entirely on help from friends and relatives.

"We try regularly to get pensions for these people," he said the other day, "but so far as influence is concerned the local war pensions committee is a mere nonentity.

"The parrot-cry we receive in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is that the applicant's condition is not attributable to or has not been aggravated by his war service."

JOHN BULL has ample confirmation of this statement from its own letter-bag.

Ex-Servicemen, when they are sufficiently persistent, are told by the Ministry to lodge their complaint with their local War Pensions Committee, but at the same time the Committee's recommendations are not necessarily implemented.

In fact, they rarely are. Councillor Schofield is quite justified in what he says, and it is true that applicants are fobbed off with outrageous excuses that trace their trouble back to any other cause but the real one of war service.

Officialdom has waxed fat on excuses while the war sufferers have grown thinner with worry and hardship.

In answer to our demand for independent appeal tribunals, you will remember, the Government pleaded that there were not enough doctors available.

It said so time and again. But later it had to admit that doctors could certainly be found for some of the tribunals.

As for higher pensions, the excuse is still that the rates are laid down in sundry regulations. Well, regulations can be amended, and even a Royal Warrant brought up to date.

Let us make it clear at this point that we regard the independent Appeals Tribunals as nothing more than a first step in the right direction.

They would serve to alleviate the more obvious cases of hardship. They would do for the country in general what we have so often been able to do for individuals.

That is to say, they would not be put off with thin arguments that a serving man's ruined health was really attributable to some pre-enlistment accident or illness.

But JOHN BULL goes much farther in its demands on behalf of Servicemen and their dependants.

We shall be satisfied with nothing less than a complete revision of the Royal Warrant *and* an increase in basic pension rates.

There is no shadow of justification for paying totally disabled Servicemen in this war less than we paid their fathers in the last one.

Yet that is what we are actually doing. The basic rate is 37s. 6d. now, as against 40s. then, and widows are being paid from 17s. 6d. to 35s. a week now, according to rank and age, instead of 20s. to 40s. a week then.

The official argument is that the *official* cost of living is a trifle lower.

But, if this were anything but arrant and hypocritical nonsense, how could any section of the workers claim increases in pay? They have done so and have obtained them, and the national civilian income has definitely risen.

How long, then, are we to tolerate this discrimination at the Serviceman's expense?

Partial disablement is being treated in the same cheeseparing way. Loss of vision in one eye was valued at 50 per cent. pension in 1919, but only at 30 per cent. to-day.

For a leg amputated below the knee the lowest rate was 50 per cent. after the last war, as against only 40 per cent. now.

These are shocking but commonplace illustrations of niggardly assessment, but cases have been cited in Parliament just recently which show that the Ministry of Pensions often wriggles out of its moral liabilities altogether upon a mere technicality.

THE other day, for instance, a soldier was killed while returning from a forty-eight-hour leave, and his widow was denied a pension.

Had he been travelling on compassionate leave or on short embarkation leave the pension would have been granted.

Sir Walter Womersley agreed that the position was "difficult to understand," and said that he was "giving the matter his careful consideration."

But we say that it is *impossible* to understand and that no consideration is necessary.

Whether he be on leave or at his station, a uniformed man is still in his country's service, and if he should be killed or injured the State must in common justice hold itself responsible for an adequate pension to his dependents, or himself if injured.

And if they imagine for a moment that the people of this country will be satisfied to pay *their* debts by passing the hat round for Service charities they are woefully mistaken.

Nothing will satisfy the people but fair play for all Servicemen and their dependants.

We don't care what it costs, and, in all border-line cases, we look for generosity instead of cheeseparing. The time to act is *now*. We have waited three years already, and they are three years too long.

No Quick Road to French Unity

DE GAULLE is convinced that if his journey to Algiers had not been postponed he would already have come to terms with Giraud.

After studying Giraud's memorandum carefully, I am not so sure.

No doubt that there are many good things in the proposals of the Commander-in-Chief of the French African Forces.

★ ★ ★

But in my view Giraud's memorandum reveals that a deep cleavage still exists between the essential political conceptions of the two men, or rather of the circles and forces behind them.

Both men agree that it is impossible to proclaim formally the establishment of a Provisional Government which, in the present circumstances, would have no legal basis.

Still, de Gaulle, who has built up his movement of resistance inside France on the democratic masses, wants to establish an executive and a supervising authority now.

He wants the masses to be represented, for instance, by such anti-Vichy M.P.s who were able to leave the country, or by delegates of the great organisations of resistance.

Giraud wants nothing of the sort. The French Overseas Council which he proposes would, in fact, be a military directorate completed by a few semi-military Governors of Colonies.

Even after a landing in France, and the liberation of at least a part of the national territory, there would be no question of submitting the military power to the supervision of civilian authority.

★ ★ ★

The Commander-in-Chief—*i.e.*, in Giraud's eyes undoubtedly himself—would appoint military commanders everywhere to take charge of the administration on his behalf.

Reliable members of the old General Councils would be asked to co-operate, and, only after the total liberation of the country, would a Provisional Government be elected by an Assembly of selected General Councillors and preparations made for the elections of a National Assembly.

★ ★ ★

The whole plan savours very much of a military dictatorship for quite a long period.

I doubt whether it will inspire the masses in France.

Maybe General Catroux, who ranks in the French Army higher than all others and who is a first-class negotiator, will succeed in bringing the two men, or rather the two conceptions, nearer.

But it will be a difficult task, and, in spite of its urgency, it is not likely to be solved quickly.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Rev. Sir JAMES MARCHANT, Social Worker, Author and Historian

DEAR SIR,—This war has taught us thrift; shall we remain economical when goods become plentiful again?

The question is often but casually discussed nowadays. It is to be heard in shopping queues, trains and workplaces.

The answer should be not casual but emphatic: *We shall have to remain economical in order to rebuild civilisation and keep our high standard of life.*

Before the war we were all spendthrifts.

Individually we may have tried to save a few pounds, but the nations to which we belonged wasted the substance of Earth and Man with reckless prodigality.

It was an improvident peace that, as the Minister of Agriculture has said, "desolated the land faster than war."

Throughout the world farmlands were dying. We lived on soil capital and mined the fertility from the land, never replacing what we took.

As American experts said of their own country: "We have flooded the air with that wonder fuel, natural gas; covered our land with the ashes of burned forests; killed off our wild animal life without regard to the future stock."

More than half the coal we raised, the metals we mined, were destroyed in the process of using them. For every barrel of petrol obtained, nine were wasted.

No longer dare we continue this Profligate's Progress. The world's natural resources are not inexhaustible; coal stocks are dwindling, more than half the world's petroleum is gone.

Timely, therefore, is your appeal to give waste prevention a dynamic position in the grand strategy of post-war reconstruction. Unless it is heeded, the future of mankind will be dogged by threat of famine and poverty.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. A. E. CABOT, M.R.C.V.S., Chief Vet. to the Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Adequate supplies of harmless milk will be demanded by the entire nation after the war. So the cleaning-up of diseased dairy herds should be a subject of national interest to-day.

I have just been reading another of your Ministry's appeals to farmers. It urges, wisely, that veterinary aid should be sought for the treatment and control of disease in dairy herds.

But the second sentence of this latest circular shows the weakness of present official methods.

"Even if a farmer is not prepared for one reason or another to accept the Dairy Cattle Disease Control Scheme, with its comprehensive facilities for the control of disease. . . ."

So it begins. And so it goes on.

There is the crucial point. No reasons should exist to prevent any farmer from taking advantage of the scheme.

Every owner of dairy stock must be *enabled* to obtain the best possible advice and help; after which, the scheme should be made compulsory.

Moreover, the need for such action is urgent. We can no longer afford to tolerate either diseased stock or diseased milk.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P., Petroleum Secretary, Ministry of Fuel

DEAR SIR,—Your efforts to save petrol may result in more being consumed.

Thus, buses which met the last Sunday train at a North Country station no longer run, which means that some 200 R.A.F. personnel returning from leave are faced with a four-mile tramp to their camp.

But those who can afford 1s. 3d. do not have to walk. They queue-up to share a taxi—which makes some twenty-five journeys.

Well, work it out. The taxi must travel 200 miles to deal with the traffic formerly served by four buses covering thirty-two miles.

Is that a saving of petrol and tyres? I doubt it.

So, too, with the late night services in big cities.

The mileage of taxis which now replace late buses must be prodigious. For all the difference in the weight of the two types of vehicles, I cannot believe that much saving is effected by "economies" which prove both costly and inconvenient to late workers and Servicemen on leave.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—There may be some politicians who, nervous of their own future, would like to mortgage the country's future to an interminable succession of Coalition Governments in which they would hold office.

You are not one of them. And you will find, I think, that though most electors recognise the need to avoid Party politics during the war and immediately after the war, they will not tolerate any permanent perpetuation of the electoral truce.

That way would lie stagnation and dictatorship.

Hence the importance of your recent speech at Bristol.

To quote your own words, "there is no form of government worse than a timid and doubting coalition, seeking safety in delay and inaction."

There should be no timidity, certainly, in deciding now on a method by which we can choose a Government after the war to carry out reform without revolution.

For this reason, therefore, the Whitsun conference of the Labour Party should offer recommendations of interest to every elector.

Above all, it will rest on the people as a whole to resolve how Britain shall be governed and replanned.

That is a point you cannot emphasise too often. We, the People, are the real holders of power. They, the vested interests, the defenders of hereditary privilege, the self-seekers, will be unable to resist social changes if we conscientiously and coolly exert our strength at the polling booths.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman A. T. LLOYD, Chairman, Berkshire County Council

DEAR SIR,—The trouble with your idea is that it isn't big enough.

Unless Whitehall can abate the flow of circulars to local authorities, you say, a new Ministry of Forms will become necessary.

It would be better, surely, to set up a Ministry of Interpretation to explain the forms sent not only to local authorities, but to business men unskilled in the ravelling of much-knotted red tape.

For example, grocers would welcome expert assistance in de-coding Form G215. To quote one very small and quite ordinary passage of this brain-teaser:

"Thus the number of points available for use by retailers in period 9 will be the sum of the points carried forward from the deposit slip for ration period 8, and the points value of the coupons received during period 8 and deposited in the PP1 envelope for period 8, less 10 per cent. of the points deposited in PP1 envelope for ration period 7.

"The deduction will be entered as a minus quantity at (C) of part A of the deposit slip PP2."

If that is English, then a Hottentot scribbling in double-Dutch might succeed in making himself more clearly understood.

As for the forms issued to Government contractors, I wager they are far more complex than any which perplex local councils.

You may object that, better still than my proposed Ministry of Interpretation, would be far fewer and more simple official forms. But that, I fear, is an impossible ideal.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Bitter "Sweeteners"

MANY years ago in my cub reporter days I used to "cover" a munitions tribunal which sat at the local police court. Slackers from shipyards, steelworks and engineering shops were hauled before the tribunal and fined for absenteeism. In bad cases the offenders were directed into the Fighting Forces.

One day outside the court, after the tribunal had risen, I was approached by a young, single man who had been fined £10 for taking time off without reason. He offered me £10 if I would keep his name out of the paper.

★ ★ ★

I was tempted. The money offered was the equivalent of half my year's wages. I was young and poor. But somehow I just didn't fall for it. Instead, I sent to my paper three times as much about the young slacker's case as I would have written normally.

The memory of my first experience of attempted bribery came back when I heard a man boasting the other day of the service he gets from his butcher—"always a bit over the odds, and he keeps kidneys and liver and sausages" for me.

"Of course, I've got to keep him sweet. Not money, you know, but a few double Scotches every week. And well worth it."

"Keeping people sweet" seems to be a fashionable pastime in war time. And the ones who do the "sweetening" would be indignant if they were accused of petty bribery.

This "sweetening" — "bitter sweetening," I call it—is so widespread to-day that it is commonplace. A new standard of values has been created.

Mrs. So-and-So discovers that the milk roundsman she used to greet with cold condescension has a little girl, and digs out one or two frocks (partly used) from the wardrobe of her daughter.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Blank, who never even "knew" his butcher if they were in the same pub., now meets him on terms of social equality and buys him whisky.

Mrs. So-and-So doesn't care a rap for the milk roundsman's daughter, but if there's an extra pint of milk going begging it will probably be left at her house.

Mr. Blank, privately, thinks the butcher is a coarse, low-down sort of fellow, but he simulates friendship because an extra kidney or two are worth a few false smiles and a few whiskies.

Personally I find it hard, remembering the frailty of human nature, not to tolerate such things, yet they are wrong. Some people are out to get that little bit more at the expense of others, and they don't care how they get it. They'll sacrifice dignity, truth, sincerity, to get that little bit extra and they'll hardly pause to consider the price they have paid.

But when there is no longer need to wangle that little extra, the milk roundsman and the butcher and others like them will fall with a flop from social grace. And, poor flattered fools, they'll deserve it.

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A Run for

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When Rommel Did Not Know Montgomery

★ Some more stirring stories from official records of the early battles of the grand warriors who founded the glory of the 8th Army—those days of trial when Rommel first came on the scene

—MONTY'S CONQUERORS—2—

★

BY MAURICE FAGENCE

LAST week we left the 8th Army (or Army of the Nile as we called it then) storming through the minefields in its first offensive against the astonished, bewildered, but numerically far superior Italians.

Unknown to our gallant little force, other things were happening elsewhere which would materially affect the impact of that Army on history.

Here at home a certain General Montgomery was soaring into greater prominence.

A Run for Everybody

His order, on becoming G.O.C. South-Eastern Command, that every soldier had to run six miles across country every month in a given time produced some jubilation among the stripeless when they learned it applied to everybody.

I saw a group of not-so-young staff officers whose delighted approval sobered slightly on being told: "It is the General's orders that we make a start with *you*."

Then, also at this time, a certain General Rommel was busy.

His famous Afrika Korps began to enter Africa in February, 1941.

Therefore, at the time of which I am writing—Wavell's offensive was in December, 1940—Rommel must have been looking at his six-footers with pride and considerable confidence in their ability soon to be knocking spots off those British amateurs.

For each was a blazing Nazi zealot. Each was hand-picked, had been taught to drill, sleep, eat and even *starve* in hot-houses that matched Libyan temperatures.

Each had had his naked body lashed with oven-heated sand flung by 450 h.p. powered airscrews.

And, in his pocket, Rommel had *plans*.

They had been worked out in the closest detail long before the war. Before even Munich.

One other thing of great importance was happening as Wavell lunged.

We were planning, too.

On this day in December, 1940, we were planning not only for the particular offensive that was in hand.

Planned in 1940

We were planning *then* for the attack that has just carried our 8th Army from El Alamein to the point where, nearly 2,000 miles away, they now threaten to throw what's left of those wonder-boys of Rommel into the sea!

I had put in my hands the other day the plan for this great drive.

It was dated August, 1940.

It provided for the recruiting and training of the men of the 8th Army who have just performed such feats under the inspiration of Montgomery.

It worked out their destinies—planned the housing, moving, handling and equipping of them.

It ordered their arms and equipment—and all the spare parts they would require.

It even ordered the huge tank transporters which were to carry our tanks that 2,000 miles. Remember that the life of a tank engine is only 3,000 miles, so you *must* pick-a-back it in such warfare.

While this gallant little army of Wavell's drove forward in December, 1940, we were arranging for arms on a scale that they wouldn't have dreamed was possible.

I repeat that I had these two-year-old plans for the 8th Army's recent great victory in my hands.

Said the brigadier who put them there: "Look at them. The blueprint of victory."

I studied those plans. I can tell you that the transport services which, two years ago, we decided were necessary to sweep across the desert, capture Tripoli, and beard Rommel in the Tunisian fastnesses, differed from what we actually used by less than 2 per cent.

What Hitler planned to do in Africa—and planned before the war—we shall not know in detail until after the war.

But what we planned there has been accomplished.

But all this forward scheming was unknown to Wavell's Army as it lunged forward to sweep the immensely bigger Italian forces, first from Egypt and then from Cyrenaica, and capture for the first time the distant port of Tobruk.

Many will remember the high-lights of this complete and utter defeat of Graziani's proud legions—a defeat that would have been final if Rommel had not arrived when we were having to withdraw troops for the defence of Greece.

Unstoppable Army

How the R.A.F. battered enemy aerodromes and kept their machines grounded. And the Royal Navy bombarded Sidi Barrani and Maktila and any Italian forces unfortunate to show themselves to a sailor. And our unstoppable Army moved forward as fast as legs, wheels and caterpillars could carry it.

I will not attempt to record daily progress. You can get a better general picture from such individual stories of men who took part as I have got from the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Leaving out all heroics, it says:

"In the first phase of the offensive we acted as guides to the newly arrived Indian Division.

"When they had succeeded in storming Sidi Barrani we moved forward with our Royal Horse Artillery to capture, near Buq Buq, immense quantities of Italian material.

"Imagine our joy at finding it included the ceremonial pink pantaloons and swords which the Italian officers were going to wear for their entry into Cairo!

"After one action we found opposite the battalion position twenty-seven tanks, four armoured cars, several batteries of field artillery, with innumerable Breda guns, machine-guns, complete with ammunition.

Rommel came with big plans in his pocket

"More than 400 enemy killed and wounded were counted by our own unit medical officers.

"Prisoners numbered 6,000 to 8,000, including six generals—among them the chief of X Army, General Babini, and the better known General ('Electric Whiskers') Bergonzoli. It was to one of our majors that the Italian army commander surrendered.

"And our casualties were three killed and four wounded for our battalion, and five killed, five wounded for the Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery accompanying us!

Two Guard 500

"One of the many incidents that made us proud of our mob happened when P.S.M. Jarvis and Rifleman R. C. Gillan were in sole charge of 500 prisoners.

"The sergeant heard a clatter and found two big enemy tanks were bearing down on him.

"He and the rifleman made to rush them, and found the prisoners rushing, too—hoping to clamber on the back of them and so get away.

"They swarmed all over the two tanks.

"But our men were with them, and when the officer of the leading tank opened his turret-hatch to size this amazing situation up, Jarvis promptly clubbed him with his rifle, fired into the tank, and brought the crew out with their hands up.

"It seemed such a good idea to Gillan that he did the same thing with the other tank!

"Both got a lot of congratulations when they returned to us—and a D.C.M. each.

"But what we enjoyed most was what the sergeant told our commanding officer: 'It was all right, sir. The rifleman and me had a nice warm place to spend the rest of the night!'"

Our total "bag" on that day, when "Electric Whiskers" passed into our hands, was 15,000 prisoners, twenty-seven medium tanks, 100 guns, and much else in huge quantities—a stupendous victory, remembering what a comparatively small Army we had engaged and how outnumbered it was.

It is a pity I haven't the name of the gunner of Liverpool Territorial Anti-Tank Battery who, having just five shells left, got a tank with each round.

But it was Colonel Combe, of the 11th Hussars, who gave the troops within hearing their biggest laugh of the campaign.

The many captured Italian generals were standing against a background of captured Italian foods. Then British generals arrived to give more colour to the scene.

At which Colonel Combe was heard to say: "Looks rather like a badly conducted point-to-point lunch, don't you think?"

More first-hand stories—the first about the pulverising of the stronghold of Bardia into surrender, when Italians came pouring out of the caves and dug-outs, a frightened army of 2,000 out of one.

Italian Help

Said a gunner:

"Captured Italians stood behind us showing professional interest as we fired our guns. One was an Italian officer.

"Seeing our gunners had to dig a new forward emplacement, he went out with two men and brought all the picks and shovels we needed—from the stores at his old position near by!"

An infantryman: "The first time we saw the Australians, who had just joined in the battle, they rolled up on Italian transport they had captured."

Another infantryman: "Wireless discipline is very strict in our crowd. "Yet our C.O. forgave the young 'second-loot' who wirelessed him:

"'Have got round behind Medawwar and taken nine big guns, forty small guns and 2,000 prisoners. I HAVE FOUND THE ITALIAN OFFICERS' MESS. Whoopeeeeee! Off!'"

But these little stories do not tell you of all the weeks of heavy fighting; of the myriads of insects that needed no information that our men had arrived; of the torturing weather, and the journeys over almost impossible country.

But the R.A.S.C. were doing wonders. In one action alone our tanks needed 25,000 gallons of petrol a day—and got every spot just where they wanted it!

Getting food, water and all other essentials through to time meant, sometimes, that the R.A.S.C. had bigger casualties than any other unit.

Nor do these stories pay full tribute to the Ordnance men who mended tanks under fire—the engineers who had to go ahead removing dangerous obstacles, and without the up-to-date equipment that reached them later.

Soon Forget Grumbles

I will quote one more private: "Grumbles disappeared like magic when our men went forward. Our fellows forget grumbles when there's fighting to be done."

And so, at last, Tobruk. Some 15,000 prisoners, including many generals and an admiral, were taken; the cruiser *San Giorgio* blown up by British bombers in the harbour; 200 guns captured, and Tobruk was ours at a cost of fewer than 500 men.

And so on to the *coup de grace*, the final liquidation of the Italian army at Beda Fomm, where the 20,000 prisoners we took made our total for the whole offensive 133,295.

And now our armoured divisions were able to move into real houses. It did, indeed, seem all over bar the shouting.

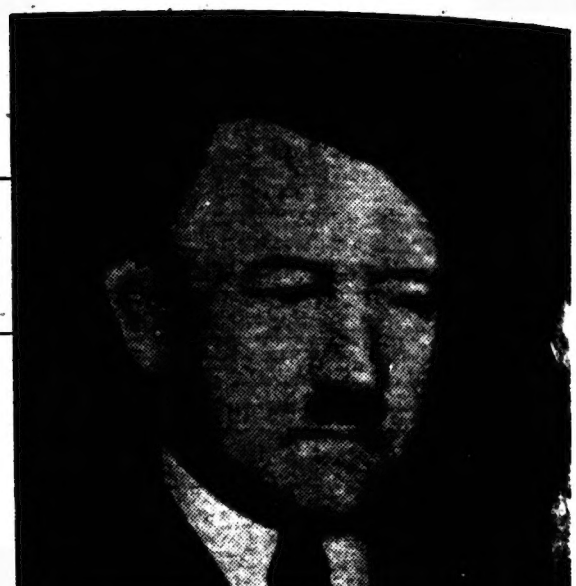
But our indomitable ally Greece was calling for help. The only help we could give her had to come from this victorious little army.

Rommel's hand-picked fanatics arrived. Soon he was flinging whole armoured divisions against mere outposts.

It seemed we would have to go back. This much we would have to do for a friend. And it was no good crying about it, for that friend was Greece.

NEXT WEEK: *Three Great Generals We Lost.*

THE DEVIL IS SICK!



Even last year when Hitler was "snapped" at a conference there were unmistakable signs of the disillusion which haunts him

By A. G. GARDINER

HITLER'S propaganda is the truest barometer of the war. It has swung the full half-circle from "fair" to "foul."

The arrogant note of conquest is heard no more. "Annihilation," "lebensraum," "herrenvolk" are banished from Goebbel's vocabulary. Germany is no longer the big bad wolf terrorising the earth.

Instead, she is the good angel of Europe, defending it against the twin horrors of Russian barbarism and the exploitation of the Anglo-American plutocracies. It recalls the old distich:

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be.
When the devil was well, the devil a saint was he!"

THE CHANGE OF TUNE DENOTES THAT THE DEVIL IS SICK. BUT THE WORLD KNOWS ITS DEVIL TO-DAY, NO MATTER WHAT DISGUISE HE WEARS. AND, KNOWING HIM, IT IS NEVER GOING TO LET HIM GET WELL AGAIN.

It will meet all his tricks with one stony response. It is the response which Mr. Cordell Hull made the other day to the Spanish Foreign Minister's grotesque offer to be the intermediary of peace.

"The terms of peace," said Mr. Hull, "were stated at Casablanca. They are Unconditional Surrender."

* * *

But there is more in the change of tune than the cant of the sick devil. There is in it the note of an acute and particular alarm.

THE FEAR WITH WHICH THE GERMAN TERROR HAS OVERSPREAD EUROPE IS RECOILING ON THE TERRORISTS.

As the shadow of defeat deepens over Germany, the fear that has paralysed Europe lifts, and the terror returns to smite its begetter. In a word, Europe's fear of Hitler is ending. Hitler's fear of Europe is setting in.

That is the truth that underlies the new propaganda. It is an attempt to blot out the past, to reconcile Europe to its tyrant, to represent the wolf as the guardian of the European fold.

The victims of the criminal are to be rallied to save the criminal from the scaffold.

It is a vain attempt. No one but a German would dream of making it. Even among the Germans, perhaps, no one but a mad dervish like Hitler, with his frenzied contempt for mankind, would think it worth making.

It is the crowning blunder of the incomparable blunderer that the great German people have worshipped as a god.

"Heil, Hitler!" Will the German race ever live down the hideous story of their madness?

* * *

But to return to the new plot. While the Nazi terror was at its height and the nations of Europe were falling before it "one by one," nothing looked simpler or more final than the conquest of the whole Continent.

There seemed no hope of deliverance, no power of resisting the tidal wave of barbarism. Helpless despair was the almost universal attitude.

AND, CONFIDENT THAT HIS CONQUEST *WAS* FINAL, HITLER LET HIS NATURAL BRUTALITY HAVE FULL SWING. HE RAVAGED AND BURNED, PLUNDERED AND MASSACRED, OUTRAGED AND ENSLAVED.

His murder squads picketed the Continent from end to end, and so assured was he that as far as Europe was concerned all was over, he made no attempt to disguise his reign of terror.

There were discriminations, of course. He had one measure of tyranny for his Italian and French serfs, another for the Czechs and the Norwegians, another for the Poles and the Jews.

But over all stood the Gestapo with the lash and the machine-gun. Over all the traitor quislings were enthroned. Everywhere the people cowered before the terror.

There were brave men and brave women in all countries who defied the terror. They died by the hundred and the thousand. A whole countryside was massacred in revenge for the just assassination of the butcher Heydrich. But in spite of individual heroism, Europe was a terror-stricken desolation.

* * *

That was the position up to last winter. It is the position no longer. The events in Russia and Africa have changed the whole outlook in Europe.

Defeat stares the gangsters in the face. Their schemes have been wrecked. The days of aggression are over. They are locked in their European fortress and await the retribution that is coming upon them from all sides.

It is in these circumstances that the sick devil turns with his hideous hypocrisy to the victims of his tyranny to help him to "save" the European civilisation which he has done his utmost to destroy.

But the events which have brought the shadow of defeat to him have brought a beam of hope to his victims. He is now about to

Rommel Won't Like the Bazooka

AN advance party of American troops on foray recently in Tunisia spotted six enemy tanks among the trees, lying in wait to join in a battle developing on their flank.

They had to be stopped, but the Americans had no armoured vehicles with them.

★ ★ ★

So one Doughboy, wriggling within short range, raised an odd-looking weapon and fired.

He missed the tank, but a large tree broke in half with a splintering crash and came down with a bang that shook the ground hundreds of yards away.

The commander of the tank force promptly surrendered.

He was an experienced officer, but as he explained to the Doughboys: "When you start firing 155-mm. guns at tanks it is time to surrender!"

The queer-looking gun fired by the Doughboys may or may not have been one of the items in the mind of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, when he told a gathering of chemical engineers recently that 33 per cent. of our present production is on secret weapons.

These weapons, said Mr. Lyttelton, "did not exist, except in the imagination of their inventors, when the war broke out, and others are coming on and are being developed all the time."

Well, the surrender of that German tank commander is not the only occasion when this particular new weapon has been used to surprise the enemy in North Africa.

Though many of its details are still on the secret list, some may be revealed.

You might describe it as a rocket gun. It was designed not to replace other weapons but to supplement them as a means of battering tanks, smashing pillboxes, blowing gaping holes in fortifications, and shattering bridge girders at short range.

Light enough to be carried "at the double" by two men, it makes any man using it "master of any tank that may attack him." Thus speaks the U.S. War Department.

★ ★ ★

As to its effect on fortifications, an example was seen when a small but strong enemy fort in North Africa was giving a lot of trouble to the force attacking it.

The strongpoint was finally reduced by one man!

In the words of Major-General L. H. Campbell, he "detached himself from a landing party, waded ashore, and with one shot from his gun effected the surrender of the fort."

Now the gun is in production. Supplies are reaching not only American but Allied troops in Tunisia, who, rightly disliking technical descriptions, have dubbed it "the Bazooka."

★ ★ ★

"It is the constant endeavour of a Minister of Production and of the War Cabinet to develop new weapons ahead of the enemy," said Mr. Lyttelton when talking to the chemical engineers. "I think we may claim that, thanks to the great fertility of our scientists, we are in a fair way of achieving this object."

It has certainly been achieved with the Bazooka, which, whenever it has been used, has resulted in considerable demoralisation of Axis troops.

But the Bazooka is not the only shock we have up our sleeves for the enemy.

Other unpleasant surprises will follow!

PATRICK SPENCER.

experience the Nemesis
now about to find how je
is the Nazi hell that he h

What is the internal
that confronts Hitler a
round him? Take first h

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experience the Nemesis of barbarism. He is now about to find how jerry-built a structure is the Nazi hell that he has made of Europe.

What is the internal condition of Europe that confronts Hitler as the clouds gather round him? Take first his so-called "allies."

Italy hates him, knows that she has backed the wrong horse, wants nothing but the end of the war, and dreads a German even more than an Allied victory. Not much of a pillar to hold the southern gate of the fortress!

OR TURN TO THOSE TWO PRECIOUS SATELLITES RUMANIA AND HUNGARY. THEY NEITHER LOVE GERMANY NOR HATE THE ALLIES.

THEIR ONLY HATE IS FOR EACH OTHER. RUMANIA IS BITTER ABOUT THE BLOOD SHE HAS LOST IN RUSSIA AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE ONLY THING SHE CARES ABOUT—THE RECOVERY OF THE TERRITORY HITLER COMPELLED HER TO GIVE UP TO HUNGARY.

As for Hungary, she is sick of the war, and the visit of her premier to Mussolini is said to have been concerned with a joint effort to effect a separate peace.

As for the wretched Boris of Bulgaria, his subjects flatly refuse to fight against Russia.

* * *

So much for Hitler's "allies." What of France? Her resurrection has begun, and in North Africa an army of 300,000 Frenchmen is being mobilised for her deliverance.

And what of the smaller countries which have been enslaved by the terror—Norway, Holland, Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece?

Everywhere hatred of the tyrant. Everywhere sabotage and conspiracy. Everywhere rejoicing as the shadow of defeat falls over Germany.

Even little Denmark is openly defiant. At the recent elections the pro-Nazi Parties polled 70,000 votes against a million and a half for the anti-Nazi parties.

The Danish bishops, like those of Norway, Belgium and Holland, boldly denounce the Nazis. And when the Nazis recently marched an R.A.F. prisoner through the streets he received a great ovation.

Next, watch the neutrals—Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey. Mark the new note of firmness as the prestige of Germany falls.

Finally, Germany herself. All neutral observers, Swedish, Swiss, Turkish, are struck by the deepening depression of spirit under the hammer strokes of Stalingrad, Tunis, and the nightly bombings of the cities. A great fear is abroad throughout the land—fear of the enemy without, fear of the enemy within, fear of the millions of foreign slaves waiting for the crash.

Yes, the Nazi terror is dying. But another terror is taking its place. It is the terror that fills the heart of Germany as the hour of retribution approaches.

NO WONDER THE SICK DEVIL TURNS SAINT. NO WONDER HE FEARS THE EUROPE HE HAS MADE A SHAMBLES. NO WONDER HE SEEKS ITS HELP AGAINST THE WRATH TO COME. BUT "THE MOVING FINGER" IS WRITING HIS DOOM, AND STRICKEN EUROPE NO LESS THAN THE ALLIES IS BEHIND THE FINGER.

★ *And here are the men Hitler has chosen to design the strategy of the mad gamble described by A. G. G. They are sketched by an Austrian journalist who met them all before the Nazis compelled him to escape to England*

Old Stooges for New Deceit

I KNOW them all as masters of cunning and deceit, a collection of political frauds. Nazi monsters in the sheep's clothing of "moderates."

Hitler's only hope of respite from the crushing air blows on Germany rests with them. Unless their peace tricks succeed, Hitler knows he cannot survive the disasters which befell his armies in Russia and Africa. Without them he faces the nightmare of half a dozen new fronts!

It is a strange bunch of men with names that have almost been forgotten. Now Hitler's peace drive has brought them back into the news.

There is a proper "General Staff" of this peace offensive, which has been working hard for many months past.

Thyssen, the Rhineland industrialist, for instance, the man who financed Hitler's fight against Socialism and Communism in Germany, is now to lend his name to the campaign by which Hitler madly hopes to rally Britain and America to the side of Germany and against Russia.

Working with him are Von Neurath, ex-German Foreign Minister and predecessor of Ribbentrop, who claims to have friends in the camp of Germany's enemies.

And Dr. Schacht, the financial juggler, who helped Hitler to rearm at the expense of his future victims, is the third in this unholy trio.

These, then, are the men whom Hitler intends to present to the Western world as a guarantee of Germany's peaceful intentions towards all but Russia.

Von Neurath when he was calling at No. 10, Downing Street before the war

We Remember

Had not Thyssen, he means to convey to the world, turned against him at the outbreak of war? If he now returns to the fold of the Fuehrer it can only be to end the war which he opposed. Or was not Neurath a respected German diplomat urging moderation all around?

Neurath could only collaborate in a moderate policy! Obviously Hitler would claim that Schacht is really an internationalist!

The fool! The world has not forgotten that Thyssen, even though he pretended to have quarrelled with Hitler and, ostensibly, emigrated from Germany at the outbreak of war, abused the hospitality of France to organise the French industrial Fifth Column.

The British Government was never deceived, and refused him a visa when he wanted to visit Britain for a similar purpose.

Now Thyssen is back in Germany, not in a concentration camp as propaganda reports suggested, but once again in Hitler's service.

Equally, Neurath's disappearance from the political scene was only a preparation for his present part as Hitler's apostle of peace.

But we remember how, as Nazi Protector of Czechoslovakia, he initiated the policy of ruthless oppression against the Czechs. And Schacht has long been unmasked as one of the most unscrupulous German expansionists!

But all this will not deter Hitler and Goebbels. They will cling to the plank of peace because they know that they must be drowned in the hopeless struggle.

Thyssen, Neurath and Schacht seem to them the right men to represent a Germany where property is protected, where people believe in peace, and who wish to give prosperity to the oppressed.

They think that this trio will be accepted by Britain and America as "gentlemen" with whom Anglo-Saxon "gentlemen" would be ready to parley. They even dangle an olive branch in front of their European victims to prove their "good intentions."

And to spread the news in neutral countries, to seize on any opportunity that may offer itself to contact the Allies, to present the plan to the dreaded Anglo-Saxon enemy, the diplomats of Germany's "Old Order," are sent out in the greatest diplomatic reshuffle Hitler has yet ordered.

They, too, are interesting fellows whose record is worth while watching.

If I had not recently seen a photograph of Baron Weiszaecker kow-towing to Ribbentrop I might have only remembered the man as a well-mannered, nicely spoken, old-fashioned diplomat of happier days. Now Weiszaecker goes to the Vatican to try his charm on all and sundry.

Ribbentrop's Ally

He will certainly not fool the United Nations, whose diplomats know full well what part he has taken in Ribbentrop's criminal schemes all through the years when he was his first Under-Secretary.

Few, indeed, will be deceived by the moderate views of Weiszaecker, who has used his reputation to help Hitler all along.

Or Dieckhof, who will be Germany's Ambassador in Madrid!

Dieckhof left Washington, where he was formerly accredited before the United States entered the war. He did it to retain the friendship of some Americans, but they soon realised that he returned to Berlin to advise Hitler on his policy towards the U.S.A.

Now Dieckhof, too, wants to pose as a moderate and hopes that Madrid will be a suitable place from which to put out his peace feelers. But he is due for a rude awakening if he counts on his American contacts!

Hopeless Task

These men have been given a hopeless task. To assist them Hitler's diplomatic reshuffle has even affected the rank and file of the German consular service and even minor appointments provide the student of German affairs with revealing clues.

One remembers, for instance, a slimy individual who used to roam through Mayfair drawing-rooms before the war, posing as an "expert on Russia" and warning his British friends against the menace of Bolshevism.

His name is Twadowsky and that same man now goes to Istambul as a German Consul-General. He wants to try his tricks on the Turks.

Twadowsky's Twaddle

Russia, he will tell them, may walk into Turkey if the Germans are defeated on the southern Russian front. Only German resistance can keep them out.

But the Turks will not fall for Twadowsky's twaddle. His record is too well known. Once, in fact, he pretended to be a great friend of Russia. He went to Moscow, but when he had spied out the land he quickly changed his mind on Hitler's orders.

And into Ribbentrop's Foreign Office now moves Dr. Gauss with the rank of a special ambassador. Gauss is the man on whose advice Hitler tore up every international treaty as a "scrap of paper."

And that same Dr. Gauss will now use his legal mind to provide the legalistic foundation for Hitler's European Charter. He is to produce the grand treaty uniting Europe against Bolshevism.

But Watch Them!

These are the men whom Hitler has chosen to attempt the biggest fraud in the history of this war. These are the angels of peace whom he sends out to confuse his enemies, to worry the neutrals, to appease his victims.

The first results of his peace offensive are not encouraging. But trust Hitler and his gang to persevere however often they are told that only their "unconditional surrender" can end the war.

Guard against their machinations, watch the thousand guises in which they will appear.

And their schemes will be defeated by the only language which Hitler understands. Bombs and shells, guns, planes, tanks and the gallant armies of the Allies will speak the last word.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SERIOUS DANGER OF 'DATE' CLUBS

WHAT does the Home Office propose to do about the very serious growth of so-called matrimonial agencies and friendship "introduction" leagues?

Action of a drastic nature is clearly required.

The dangers arising from their operations in peace time were, as JOHN BULL repeated pointed ont, urgent enough. But now, with tens of thousands of Servicemen and women from overseas likely to be attracted by their lures, the urgency of the problem cannot be over-emphasised.

Sometimes marriages do result from these introductions, but the whole idea is strewn with snares

Accommodation Addresses

High officials in more than one Government Department are becoming concerned about their unhampered activities.

The War Office, for instance, agrees that unscrupulous people can use such agencies as mediums for getting in touch with members of the Services, factory workers and men and women holding positions in which knowledge of war secrets can be acquired.

And even if such agencies impose the utmost restrictions they cannot possibly prevent such matters from being communicated once "introductions" have been effected.

Many of these organisations—in the initial stages of their operations at any rate—use advertisement box numbers and accommodation addresses to secure clients.

One, for example, advertises:

"Happy friendships formed. Join now. It's different.—BM/DMCS, W.C.1.'

Applicants receive replies from a concern named "America's Latest Introduction Bureau," 7, Park Lane, W.C.1, which specialises in introducing members to what it calls "the Ideal Companion."

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

"The object of this Introduction Bureau, which has been established in this country on the lines of its American cousin," runs the literature, "is to find the 'social equivalent' of lonely people by arranging for the perfect girl companion to meet the ideal man."

Servicemen and women register free of charge, but have to pay 1s. 9d. for every "date" fixed for them.

The normal charge for civilians used to be 15s. a year subscription fee plus 2s. a "date." This has been temporarily waived, and all and sundry outside the Services can join on payment of 2s. plus 2s. for each subsequent "date."

So-Called Agencies

Apparently there are no limits to the services the Bureau will render their clients. "You need never be lonely or at a loose end. . . . A partner for a dance, an escort for a dinner, or just a visit to the cinema can always be arranged."

Well, in a nutshell, this accommodating agency is just a trading name for a man named W. D. McSwan, who describes himself as the Principal. He rented the small one-roomed office it occupies at the Park Lane address only a short time ago.

What concerns me about this so-called "America's Latest Introduction Bureau," and many others like it, is that details of one's private life, occupation, hobbies and so on are asked for and recorded.

War workers give details of where they work, and Servicemen and women where their regiments are stationed.

While I am definitely of the opinion that such a body as this Bureau is undesirable, I naturally do not suggest that Mr. McSwan would himself make improper use of such vital information.

But is it right that such facts should be recorded outside official circles?

The War Office, when I put the question to an official there, agreed most emphatically that it was not.

Then, not far away from Park Lane, we find "Social Consultant N. Myers" offering his kindly services from an office in Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, London.

"A Social Bureau with a Difference," is how advertisements from this Bureau run. "We make really suitable introductions, and do not merely exchange addresses."

"Mr. Myers'" fees are a bit stiffer. Members of H.M. Forces are accepted at the flat rate of one guinea each. But for civilians it is different.

Those with incomes up to £350 must pay a registration fee of two guineas, with incomes up to £500 three guineas, and with incomes over £500 five guineas.

This entitles clients to unlimited introductions for a period of twelve months. Should a marriage result from an introduction a further fee, based on the same range of incomes, of five, ten and twenty guineas is demanded.

The application form a client has to complete when paying over the registration fee asks a number of questions, true, but makes no application for references or testimonials!

The Main Objection

It is the lack of proper and exhaustive investigation about the private lives and habits of applicants that provided the main objection in peace time to such concerns.

Incidentally, this "Social Consultant N. Myers" business is owned by a company called N. Myers Advertising, Ltd., whose director is C. S. A. de Smitt.

Now let me travel a hundred yards or so from his office and we come to the Social Introduction Bureau, which is in a room at 74a, Regent Street, near Piccadilly Circus.

Here a slim, blonde woman named Margaret Lankester, whose oldest client is a clergyman aged sixty-four, is in charge. Her advertisements, offering to arrange introductions between men and women (Forces and civilians) even appear in theatre programmes.

Hers is no ordinary agency, for she tells people clients include officials from the War Office and the Admiralty. But all a lonely person has to do is to pay the required fee, register with the Social Introduction Bureau, and Miss Lankester fixes an introduction.

Her fees have recently been raised, and all clients now have to pay a round three guineas for her services.

There are many more agencies of this kind in London itself, but I now want to deal with one or two in provincial towns.

Some of these concerns are run on much less ambitious lines.

"Sincere Friends"

In a publication devoted to members of the Services and their interests, a lady named Beatrice Lancaster advertises that she can introduce lonely people to "sincere friends," and invites applications care the accommodation address: "BCM/PRESS, London, W.C.1."

Fivepence in stamps brings her reply—from "war time address BCM/PRESS, London, W.C.1," she explains!—on notepaper headed "The Get Together Club."

This woman, who hails from Cedar Road, Bedford, states that she has a very large membership and that there is hardly a town or village without at least one member.

Variety of Clients

Her clients, she stresses, include artists, doctors, nurses, factory hands and men and women in H.M. Forces. Yearly subscription is a guinea.

Again, the application form, with which the initial payment has to be sent, asks a number of questions but requests no testimonials. I've only known one that did.

Then there is the Golden Circle Club, run by a man named J. A. Jenkins, of 14a, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham, Glos. His membership ranges from sixteen to seventy, and, apart from a membership fee, he issues monthly lists of suitable names and addresses for introductory purposes at £1 a year, or 2s. a month.

Not long ago his "club" was mentioned in a case in which a man charged with bigamy, who registered as single, was convicted for committing bigamy with a woman he met through Mr. Jenkins' organisation.

In the Provinces

Many of these ventures—which come under absolutely no official jurisdiction at all—are conducted from ordinary dwelling-houses. This is particularly the case in provincial cases.

Take, for instance, the Circle Marriage Bureau, 38b, Leavesden Road, Watford, Herts, which advertises "genuine introductions given from all parts of the country."

My representative found the headquarters of this concern in a small working-class type of house. The registration fee was £2, 10s. of which was payable down!

JOHN BULL dislikes these matrimonial and friendship agencies, no matter how well they may be run.

No doubt many people who use their services do find congenial partners and friends. But the opportunities they create for social tragedies is obvious to anyone who reflects for a moment.

And in war time their existence is a potential threat to national security.

We urge the Home Secretary and Ministers in charge of the Fighting Services to see that these businesses are brought under adequate control without delay.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. N. C. Crane, Psalter Lane, Sheffield, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting facts.

Letters are invited about any scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

"IS POLAND AT WAR WITH ITALY?"

● The answer to this reader's question is "No."

Really, it is a mix-up.

Poland has severed diplomatic relations with Bulgaria, Finland, Hungary, Italy and Rumania; she had none with Thailand when war broke out. But she is at war only with Germany and Japan.

Belgium, China, Ethiopia and Fighting France are at war with Germany, Japan and Italy, but with no one else.

Greece is at war with Germany, Italy and Bulgaria.

Jugo-Slavia has merely severed relations with Finland and Rumania, but is at war with all the other Axis Powers.

In the case of the United States, only Finland remains a non-belligerent.

Russia still maintains relations with Bulgaria and Japan.

Officially, Vichy is at war with nobody. The Free French are more or less at war with each other.

WOULD ONE LANGUAGE HELP?

● Champions of a universal language, confident in their belief that international understanding would be speeded on by one sort of Esperanto or another, are once again becoming vocal.

In theory, there is no argument against a universal language.

The difficulties in the way are the same as those which oppose all attempts at unity—racial prejudice, rows about which language should be chosen, obstinacy and ignorance.

I still, however, hold the view which I have held for years. I believe that if ever a world language is ever established it will be English, the use of which is always being increased by talkies and radio, and the fact that it is spoken by two great peoples who are the world's most persistent travellers.

The recent condensation into basic English should help greatly.

But remember, always, that the chief causes of war are economic. The fact that the Germans and the Austrians speak the same language would not prevent their being at each other's throats to-day if Austria were still free.

WILL LOCAL GOVERNMENT BE REVOLUTIONISED?

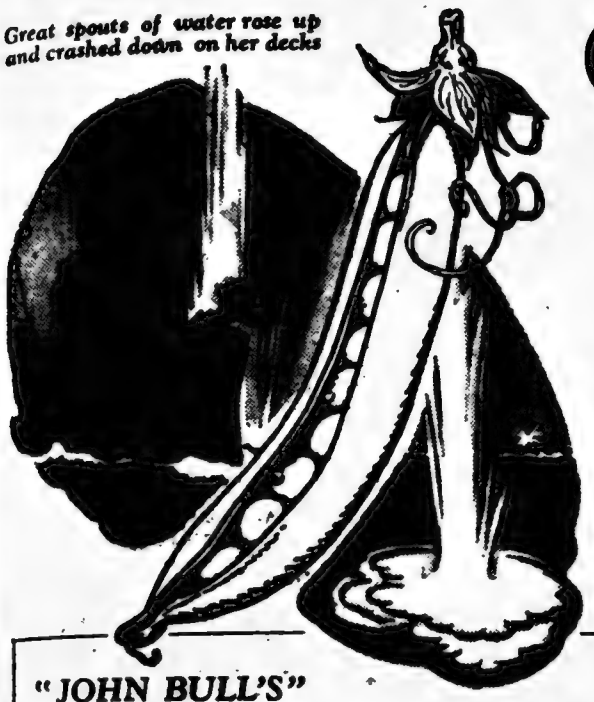
● Yes, undoubtedly. One of the post-war changes will be some form of regional government.

We discovered, under the blitz, that London's division into twenty-eight different boroughs made the chaos much worse.

Then Birmingham, when it was blitzed, could not so easily co-operate with the smaller boroughs on its borders as it could have done with regional planning.

Very naturally, towns have a local pride, one frequently based on past achievements and a long history.

But the very fact that Balfour, annoyed with the progressive work of the new London County Council, brought into being twenty-eight boroughs to slow down that progress proves, in itself, that local authorities must be large and not small.



Great spouts of water rose up and crashed down on her decks

COMPLEX OF CAPTAIN CASSIDY

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

By HEDLEY BARKER

"THE pea," Captain Cassidy would say, "is wan av the siven wonders av the world. It's the Almighty's richest gift to an ungrateful people. Sit me down to a heapin' plate av peas and a nice dollop av butter, and I'm the happiest man from Rotterdam to Port Moresby."

He was saying it now. He was always saying it

He had said it all over the world. The quiet hours of the middle watch on the bridges of sundry ships had been filled with enthusiastic discourse on the garden pea.

"Asparagus?" said Captain Cassidy scornfully. "Frish-frash! Cauliflower, artichoke, French bean, spinach—Oi wouldn't be givin' ye a thank-you for the whole boilin'. The garden pea is my vegetable, sorr. Angels' food. Enough to tempt a bishop to forswear his vows."

"I wouldn't say no," admitted Parker, the second mate, "to a plateful myself just now."

"I wouldn't say no," amended Captain Cassidy, "to a bucketful."

At which Captain Cassidy smacked his lips and retired to the port side of the wheelhouse to gloom about the misfortune that had befallen him.

The misfortune was that he had been called away hurriedly from his bungalow on the scuth coast to take the *Brazilian Prince* to sea.

The kernel of the misfortune was, of course, the garden pea. Captain Cassidy was in the act of drawing out the drills to sow his new season's supply of Giant Stride when the telegram arrived.

Report on board Brazilian Prince *Albert Dock immediately. Sail eight o'clock tide.*

Bridget, his wife, had been out when the telegram came. Captain Cassidy just chucked some things into a bag and told the taximan to drive hell-for-leather to the station.

And now he humped his back disconsolately against the chart-table and cursed Hitler with curious oaths.

He was staying awake to-night for a purpose. Marked on the chart with a round ring was Dingley Head light. There was no light now, of course, but Captain Cassidy's bungalow reposed on Dingley Head.

He couldn't see it. He couldn't even be sure that he was dead abreast of it, not to half a mile or so.

But he could imagine it there set in the midst of its neat lawn and kitchen garden, and from it, at the appointed time, he would take his final farewell.

Captain Cassidy juggled about with the parallel rulers on the chart, estimated the time of arrival at Dingley Head, and said to the third mate: "Call me at two o'clock, Mr. Crowther."

And then he laid himself down on the sofa in the charthouse.

It seemed to him that he had barely closed his eyes when he was awakened by the hand of the third mate shaking him. He sat up at once.

The charthouse clock said ten minutes to two.

"Some sort of craft off the starboard bow, sir," explained Crowther. "They're little and low in the water so far as I can make out."

Captain Cassidy was out of the door like a longdog. He had just closed it behind him when the look-out gave a yell. Simultaneously the near horizon was lit by the flash of flames and the sharp bark of guns.

Captain Cassidy yelled down the voice-pipe to his gunner:

"Fire at the nearest target. Let 'em have it!"

FOR a few minutes there was a fine lot of confused firing. Captain Cassidy, beside himself with excitement, leaped up and down on the bridge as he yelled to the men lined up in the waist with rifles.

Aft in the stern the ship's gun heartened them with considerable explosions. Whether or not they disheartened the enemy could not be ascertained, for they were firing at flashes only. But presently it was borne in upon Captain Cassidy that the flashes were not pointed towards the *Brazilian Prince*.

And all at once he knew.

"Starboard thirty," he yelled. "Hard-a-starboard! It's the smacks they're afther now—the smacks from Dingley."

Straight into the fray went the *Brazilian Prince*. Built for twelve knots, she rose nobly to a fast fourteen.

"E-boats," yelled Crowther, frantically, "three of 'em. Look out for torpedoes."

And then the sky glowed. Captain Cassidy looked up, saw flares falling; looked down, and saw the ship lit as if by broad daylight. Amid a pandemonium of gunfire and the yells of men he gave the order to zigzag just as the first bomb seemed to shatter every rivet in the vessel's fabric.

BOOM! Another, and another. Great spouts of water rose up and crashed down on her decks. But that was the day of miracles for the *Brazilian Prince*, and she was uninjured.

The flare had also lit up the E-boats and the smacks. Two of the fishing-boats were in a sinking condition.

But now the *Brazilian Prince* could take part with some measure of accuracy.

The first shell from her four-inch gun stopped one of the E-boats dead.

"Be the holy bones of St. Michael," cried Captain Cassidy, "we'll ram the varmint."

They went through that E-boat like a knife through butter. The light of the flare was failing now, and in it could be seen the other two E-boats making off. But there was still a last vicious kick left in the enemy.

Overhead there was a roar as the 'plane dived.

"Down men, down!" yelled the captain "Take cover."

A crescendo of noise, the wicked rattle of cannon and machine-guns, and she was gone.

So was Captain Cassidy. That mariner, descrying a floating form, had taken a header over the side. Mr. Crowther stopped engines, went full astern, lowered a boat.

Captain Cassidy nearly threw a fit in the saloon. It was his wife. Now and again she was in the habit of going to sea with the Dingley smacks.

For a moment he stared as she opened her eyes. And then, his face marked by sudden urgency, he shook her by the arm.

"Bridget!"

Both arms now and a look on Cassidy's face most fateful.

"Did ye sow the peas, Bridget? Did ye sow the peas now?"

HUMAN MACHINE

SO COMMON

One of the besetting sins of mankind is impatience. It is such a common thing that no one takes much notice of it, though it can be very devastating in its effects.

Impatience is another of these little things we too readily assume are inborn traits. We would like to believe that we are "like that."

Rubbish! We're not "like that." We're not born "patient" or "impatient."

It's not a mental "trait." It's a mental habit. We can learn to be patient, just as easily as we can give way to impatience.

Impatience is a combination of selfishness, ignorance and unwillingness to face facts.

Selfishness is a very big ingredient, because you simply can't be impatient unless you believe that everyone and everything should give way to you.

Ignorance is an ingredient because if you really know that before results can be obtained certain hard preparations must be undertaken, you can't honestly be impatient.

Unwillingness to face facts is certainly a most important part of the impatient spirit.

The impatient man knows very well deep down inside himself that magic is a fairy tale, and that hard work—and nothing else—gives the best results. Just plain silly to be impatient, isn't it?

WHAT HAD THE CENSOR CUT OUT?

SITTING in a West End theatre the other day, at one of London's biggest war time successes, listening to what the Censor had left in, I began to wonder what the Censor had cut out.

Vulgarity is a matter of taste, and taste changes not merely from generation to generation, but from day to day. When I was a boy only the very wicked said "Damn" out loud in mixed company.

★ ★ ★

At least I was told they were very wicked. Those of them who have survived seem rather stodgy old frumps to-day.

It's the way you look at it, I suppose. At the same time, until it is officially decided by our masters that we are a race of robots, we ought to be able to look which way we choose.

There ought to be a label on the bottle, as some kind of guarantee of the contents.

If you buy a bottle of vintage wine you don't expect to find tea inside when you get it home and draw the cork.

Put it another way: If you subscribe to a religious weekly you don't expect to find it running a rude serial and two or three naughty cartoons.

Whatever you buy, from a tube of fishglue to a packet of cigarettes, you can reasonably expect that what it says on the outside you will find on the inside.

Except in the case of entertainment. When you go into a theatre, or switch on the wireless, *you never know.*

I think it's time that theatre entrances and the pages of the *Radio Times* went in for a few "A" and "U" certificates, like the pictures.

Some people would say that I'm making a noise about nothing. They'd say that "everybody likes it saucy these days."

Everybody?

Well, I noticed in that West End theatre the other day that the biggest laughs—and by far the biggest: the real rocking laughs that left everybody helpless—came from what are still called "clean gags."

And I saw somewhere in print just recently that the biggest money-maker that ever came out of Hollywood was the series of Hardy pictures, which were of a kind to which my great-granddaughter could take even *me*!

★ ★

And then there is "Happidrome" on the radio. When it finished its first "run"—a run which we were told broke all records for radio entertainment—"Mr. Lovejoy" gave as one reason for its success that it had been from start to finish a "clean" entertainment.

So that not *everybody* wants the kind of thing the Censor leaves in.

Only—in the world of entertainment you've got to have it.

If you order nuts you've got to have birdseed.

If you order twelve yards of lino, you've got to have a bathing hut.

The customer is always wrong!

It seems a funny kind of shopkeeping to me.

A. G.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

TRAINING as a fighter pilot in U.S.A., Cpl. E. Epps hits the high-spots of Hollywood on his leave. He writes to his brother at Slades Hill, Enfield, Middlesex:

My pal and I hitch-hiked to Los Angeles, a distance of 450 miles, and it was worth it.

We spent the night at a church club, and in the morning rang up a director of the R.K.O. Studios, who also happens to be our flying instructor. The rest was easy.

That afternoon we went over the studios and were introduced to Cary Grant, among other stars. We were invited to make our base at Cary Grant's house, which we did. So much for Saturday.

On Sunday we spent the day at the director's home, and after lunch played tennis. Among the guests at dinner that night was Ralph Bellamy.

On Monday we went to Beverley Hills, one of the prettiest spots I have ever seen. Had lunch with Douglas Fawley and his wife, who later went with us to a radio broadcast show.

Tuesday we spent at Santa Monica and toured along the coast. Wednesday we went swimming and to an evening show.

Thursday: lunched with Cary Grant and Lorraine Day, meeting Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara, finishing up at another radio broadcast show with Bing Crosby leading the show.

A grand time! But now I am back on the job again. I'm now doing the second part of my pilot's course. It's a lot tougher now—but I'll make it! Cheerio!

DID WONDERS

Wounded and taken P.o.W., L./Cpl. G. A. Chamberlain has now recovered and writes from a German camp to his parents at Strafford Road, Acton, London, W.3:

Hope you are both well and in good spirits. I am now very fit except for a cold in the head. Hope our family reunion will not long be delayed. All the boys seem very hopeful

We had a good week-end. I acted as cook for ten of us, and, with the food in the Red Cross parcels, I did wonders. I made a pudding like mother makes, or something like it, and baked a dinner which was a great success.

The fact is that we get all our good meals from the contents of Red Cross parcels, so you can guess how popular they are.

Everybody in camp seems very cheerful. All the best for now. Cheerio!

"THE GOODS!"

A P.o.W. for three years, Pte. G. Bennett writes from a German camp to his mother at Foljambe Crescent, Rossington, Yorks:

We have just had our parcel gifts from the Red Cross as usual, and they were "the goods" all right. Our C.S.M. is a wizard cook and does wonders with the contents of these parcels.

BATTLE OF LITTLE SINS

THE fabric of our character can withstand Life's great assaults, but how dangerous are the Little Sins and numerous slipshod faults. For they drive sharp perforations through our spirit's shining shield. Thus is Life's Armour pierced each time we to the wrong things yield.

YET all these perforations at first glance show no sign, though they're steadily creating a calamitous design. Which, when held up to Heaven's Light, presents a collapsing whole. Such is the power of all small sins, in the long run, on the soul.

J. M.

By the way, we now have a band consisting of two trumpets, two clarinets, one sax, one trombone, one violin, and my mate, "Big Barney Bullock," plays the drums. All being Army bandsmen, we are pretty good, and our programmes bring the house down.

At the moment we are trying to arrange a football match with the lads in a neighbouring camp.

Apart from a little homesick feeling now and then, I am feeling fine. Life here is not too bad and it has its lighter moments.

Sending a thrill to the folks at home

Also serving in India is Sgt. R. H. Davies, R.A.M.C., who describes both traffic manners and a temple visit in a letter to a friend at Elford Terrace, Roundhay Road, Leeds:

The native idea of driving a car in Lahore is to sound one continuous blast on the horn, shove his foot down on the accelerator, and hope for the best!

So our drive was not without excitement when passing elephants, bullock-carts and herds of cows.

We reached Amritsar and drove through the narrow streets of the bazaar in fine style, with everything and everybody scuttling for safety.

Our destination was the Golden Temple. On entering we were conducted to a lounge, where we had to remove our boots and stockings.

Trouble came when we stepped into the courtyard, for the ground under a baking sun was too hot for our Western feet. The result was that in no time at all we were hopping about like dancing dervishes!

The Golden Temple proved to be one of those lovely things that hold you spellbound and almost breathless with its beauty

SALUTE TO RUSSIA

Tribute to the Russians comes from A/B C. S Smith, who has been on convoy duty to Russia. He writes to a friend at Almondside, Kirkliston, Midlothian:

When we arrived at the Russian port we met some of the guerilla fighters who had come down from the mountains. Many of them were young women, whose rifles were notched for Jerries they had settled.

Our "Sparks" (electrician) knows some Russian, so with his help as an interpreter we are able to have a chat with our Allies

The Russians are grateful for the munitions, etc., that we are sending to them, but they are apprehensive lest we should prove too "kind and gentle" to the Germans.

They are great people. Sailing away, we saluted these Allies of whom we are proud and fortunate in having at our side.

BUSY WITH ROMMEL

Gnr. J. Cropper, R.A., who has been in the thick of the fighting in North Africa, is cheery and confident in a letter to his mother at Copley Road, Doncaster, Yorks:

I haven't had much time to write, as we have been busy with that fellow Rommel. . . . It is a pleasant sight to see prisoners streaming back behind our lines as we go forward.

It is not over yet by a long way, but it is only a matter of time before we chase Rommel's army out to the sea. I think that we are going to clean him up and clear him out of these parts.

. . . Recently an Italian soldier drove up to us with a lorry-load of prisoners, dumped them, and turned to drive off again.

When asked where he was going, he said that he was returning to bring some more prisoners in!

The Italians have no heart for fighting and Rommel has treated them badly.

Don't worry about me. Keep smiling, it won't be long now.

CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION

Proud news comes in an airgraph from Sgt. T. H. Bill, serving with the M.E.F., to his mother at Sandy Hill Road, Shirley, Birmingham:

Hold your breath and read the following: Supplement to *London Gazette*, Friday, December 11, 1942. The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be mentioned in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the Middle East:

2571108—Sgt. Bill, T H.

Now try to laugh that one off. Please start ordering the beer now, 'cause I intend to do some celebrating when I get home, and it won't be long now!

HOT IN ICELAND

Stationed in Iceland, Cpl. J. E. Davies, R.A.F., seems to be having a warm time. He writes to his wife at The Lodge, Astley, near Shrewsbury:

I had the chance to go to some nurseries a few miles from here. The greenhouses are heated entirely by water relayed from the natural hot-springs, close by The water is boiling hot when it gushes out of the ground—a great help on washing-day.

There are thousands of tomato plants, ferns and carnations growing in the greenhouses. The carnations are grown under artificial sunlight, owing to lack of the real thing. I hope to bring home a few cuttings.

BLUE PRINT OF A GIRL'S FINEST MAN

By HUMANIST

A PATHETIC letter from a young woman reached me a short time ago. It was one of hundreds describing the qualities of the ideal man.

"I met him twelve years ago when I was twenty," *she writes*, "but only to lose him again. He left the town before the war began and I don't know where he is.

"He never guessed that I cared and perhaps never will. Yet always I hope that some time, somewhere, our lives will touch once more.

"Tall, good-looking without being too handsome, well educated but without the least trace of snobbery, brilliantly clever without being conceited, I measure every man I meet against his standards, and all fall short.

"Sometimes serious, sometimes boyishly gay—he was thoughtful, sensitive and considerate, always kind and courteous to everyone. He could be patient under provocation; yet when necessary he would champion the cause of those weaker than himself.

"Scorning lies and deceit, strong and always just, he won the respect and admiration of all who knew him. The finest man I ever met, and though I may never see him again, life will be the sweeter for having known him years ago."

Another girl began by making a list of a dozen things that her ideal man must *not* be—a heavy drinker and smoker, a crawler, a tooth sucker, a tooth picker, a scratcher, a lover of filthy stories, a liar, a buckpasser, a continuous throat-clearer, a man with a roving eye, a man who constantly says "eh?" a type which considers that women are put on the earth for his amusement or for his derision.

She then makes a list of a dozen desirable qualities, and winds up with the essentials:

"He must be a real pal," *she says*, "and, of course, a one-woman man; he must tolerate old, and dull, people. He must love outdoor life and week-ends of camping; and he must take his wife out and give her a good time at least twice a week. He must appreciate her and not become a hider behind newspapers every evening, treating his wife as if she were nothing more than a cook-housekeeper.

"Incidentally, this is the first time I have ever written a letter like this, and I hope Humanist enjoys reading it as much as I've enjoyed putting it together."

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Mr. Dalton should include prams, cots complete with mattresses, also fire-guards, in the list of utility furniture. That's the way to help encourage the birth-rate.—Mrs. A. W. Bramfit, Lancaster Grove, Leeds.

★ ★ ★

Public would soon become potato-conscious were greengrocers induced to exhibit posters and receipts and to display home-made potato dishes.—W. Davis, Canvey Island.

★ ★ ★

I wanted studs for my husband's Home Guard boots, but was told that no studs could be supplied except on signed statement from C.O.

He was approached, but replied: "We don't ask for studs: wear the soles through, then we'll repair them for you." That's economy, that was!—"Home Guard's Wife," Norwich.

Are we really short of labour. A married woman over forty, I am willing to do something (not heavy work for health reasons). For three months I have tried to get a light job for four half-days a week, but without success.—"Still Trying," Leicester.

★ ★ ★

We are asked to save money, yet when I wanted an armchair repaired, the job was refused, because I would not have the chair re-covered! Are we crazy?—"Make and Mend," Surbiton, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

It has taken five months for an air mail postcard to reach me from India. Snail mail, I call it!—Mrs. M. Sanderson, Corporation Street, Doncaster.

★ ★ ★

If some of our large stores were to close one floor they would save more fuel and light than a whole district of housewives.—S. Bagshaw, Holbeck, Leeds.

Here's the old-fashio portrayed in a Que film. Have we lost al of this court

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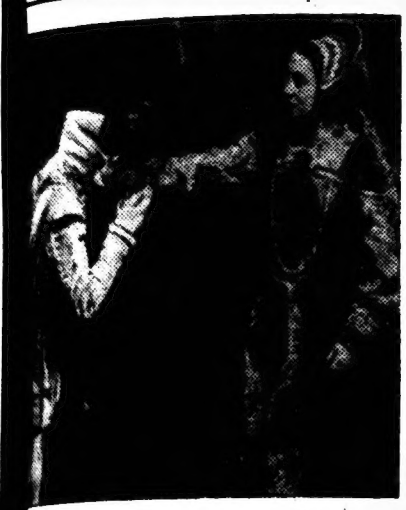


Here's the old-fashioned chivalry portrayed in a Queen Elizabeth film. Have we lost all the instincts of this courtesy?

Unfortunately the letter was so long t I have had to compress it. But king at all the letters, I discover tain features in almost every "ideal" n.

He must be taller than his partner, d several years older. He must be d-looking, but not too much so. He st not be dumb in company. He st be handy in the house. He must t be too possessive.

Apart from these outstanding quali-s, he may vary a good deal both in pearance and in temperament.

OME time ago the B.B.C. Brains Trust was asked whether our manners were worse than they ed to be and whether men had lost t feeling of chivalry.

A reader submits a similar problem, companied by a string of complaints ainst my own sex.

"In my young days," *she writes*, men were far more respectful and con-erate than they are to-day. They wed us more politeness in little ngs like opening doors for us, allow-g us to go first, giving up seats in ins and 'buses, and so on. Nowadays n stick to their seats and let the men stand.

"I think the women are really to ame for demanding to be treated as uals. We did much better when we re regarded as weak and helpless. The oner we return to that idea the better.

"I believe all women like to be ttered and made a fuss of by men. is 'equality of the sexes' is a dreary siness.

"In my opinion, we women have rown away the most precious thing had, and what have we got in ex-ange? A vote which we don't want!"

I would like to hear what other men have to say about the opinions this reader.

That pretence to be weak and helpless s a clever card to play, but women ve proved beyond all doubt that they e neither. They can do most things at men can do—flying, driving cars, ng surgical operations, running sinesses.

If they prefer doing these things to nding babies, cooking, and domestic ties they have a right to do them in mpetition with men.

But it is not logical to expect to be arded as a fellow-worker on equal rms one minute and to be treated as clinging vine the next.

And is it true that women care thing for political rights?

* If you are in doubt, write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

New Aces of the Spitfire War

—THE R.A.F. MANNER.—No. 4

★

—BY WEBSTER FAWCETT

★ INTRODUCING SOME OF THE DARE-DEVILS OF TO-DAY'S "FIGHTER ESCORT" AND "INTRUDER PATROLS" — FORMAL PHRASES THAT CONCEAL THE LATEST AND GREATEST PHASE OF THE R.A.F. MANNER

WHEN the Fortresses smashed up the Renault works . . . when the Venturas visited Maasluis . . . when the Bostons blitzed Ostend . . . the Spitfires were there.

New and better Spitfires fitted with the larger, more powerful Merlin 61 engines, Spitfires able to out-fight and out-fly anything the Huns can put in the sky.

And with them was Kingpin Kingaby.

Fighting continuously, veering, sparring, thumbing his gun-push and seeing tracers snick through a swastika, flicking over and watching the elevators shear away. And then glimpsing his opponent at the end of a parachute—another kill.

Chasing a Me.109 to France for the 750th victim of his sector, gradually closing, holding his fire, opening up. . . .

Donald Kingaby began his exploits as a sergeant. To-day he is a Squadron-Leader

"This Year's Finucane"

No wonder the boys in the Bombay Squadron—*his* squadron—are calling Donald Kingaby "this year's Finucane." Eighteen months ago he was Fighter Command's top-scoring sergeant. Now he is Fighter Command's top-scoring squadron-leader.

A kid born amid mean streets. A clergyman's son who understands how and when to be tough.

He was an insurance clerk. He joined the R.A.F.V.R. when Hitler began to break his Munich promises. Maybe in that, maybe in hating war and fighting hard, he typifies the R.A.F. manner.

The manner that to-day sets Spitfires flying 2,000,000 miles a month, knocking up a new high rate of 700 sorties a day, thirty an hour.

Kingpin Kingaby scored a kill on his first operational flight. Fifty Messerschmitts were drifting over the Channel. Twelve of our lads intercepted them. Don's hard-hitting victory turned the tide of that lop-sided battle.

He Soon Forgot

"And I had the feeling of remorse," he told me, "that one gets when one shoots down a bird. I always had that remorse when I was lucky. And then I happened to pass through London after a blitz. A bad one. And I lost it. I've never felt it again."

A sure-fire ace to lead the Spitfires, you may consider. A man to match the machine.

He shot down four Me's in a day and won the D.F.M. He totted his score to fourteen destroyed and secured the bar. He accomplished the supreme hat-trick by gaining another bar with the true ace record of seventeen destroyed, six probables, and seven damaged.

The Eighteenth

Watch him a moment as he bags the eighteenth.

His cockpit flooding with glycol, his head swimming in fumes, he had tackled six Nazis single-handed over their home ground.

He feared his engine would seize at any moment. Then he thought he was hit and went into a dive at full throttle.

Three 109's were still firing like fun at him, and four followed him down.

By flying skill alone, Don managed to throw off all but one of them. Tailed, but expecting his engine to pack up at any moment, he headed for England.

Still in pursuit, the remaining Messerschmitt caught up—and blazed a savage spurt of deflection fire. But two can play at that game.

"He was on my tail," Don explained to his I.O. "After two complete turns I got on to his tail. I chased him down to 500 ft., giving him cannon and machine-gun. He dived straight into the Channel."

Remember the raid two months or so ago when six bomb-carrying Focke-Wulfs helped to wreck a London school?

Knocked to Pieces

The Kingpin chased one of the raiders back to its airfield in France and, as one of his confrères told me, "knocked it to pieces."

Such is the spirit of the Spitfires. "Not too bad!"—as the saturation attacks on the Axis deepen to dynamite at Abbeville and Dunkirk and Caen and the big bomber groups get the glory.

One of the new ace pilots came back pokerfaced from a recent escort trip.

"Nothing," he said. "At most, only a 'damaged'. . ."

"Look at your wings!" he was told. "You must have hit something!"

Examination of his cine-camera film revealed that he had blown a Focke-Wulf to pieces.

Another Spitfire pilot didn't have time to count. He saw six F.W.s attacking another Spitfire squadron and stove into them.

Under the chat of his machine-guns he saw chunks fly off an enemy 'plane as it spun over on to its back and went down.

That same instant he was attacked by three of the enemy.

Bullets streaked into the cockpit, smashing the perspex, destroying the reflector sight.

Blood drenched over his eyes as a bullet glanced off his forehead. Still, with his gun-sights shot away, he blazed back at the Germans.

Turned Turtle

Two drew away. The third dropped from sight. Unable, without the reflector sight, to see whether it had been hit, the Spitfire boy was unable to claim it. And though he shook off his pursuers, his troubles were far from over.

Nazi bullets had riddled his tyres. Touching down on an acrodrome in England, the Spitfire turned turtle.

"Any luck?" they asked, when they dragged him free.

"Whamm!" he said. "How should I know?"

No, it wasn't the Kingpin. But you won't be far from wrong in identifying him as another sergeant who soared to be squadron-leader. Or in suspecting that one of the F.W.s was chalked off the slate.

Remember, similarly, the Fortress and Liberator raid on targets at Antwerp early last month? Forty Focke-Wulfs showed up and attacked the bombers in pairs, in fours, in sixes. Despite some terrific battles, we claimed only two F.W.s destroyed.

Now we know better. . . .

There's a Spitfire pilot, over-wary of the old Axis trick of coughing thick smoke from engine exhausts, who claimed nothing when his camera showed an absolute certainty. And there are many men, like Flight-Lieut. Micky Gray, with no 'planes to their tally, yet with everything but . . .

Guerilla Routine

Micky, an ex-soldier who switched from the Lancashire Fusiliers to the Air Force, has a score of eight or nine ships and nine locomotives. They're guerilla routine. His pals like best the recent sorties when he flew through—mark you, through, not above—the streets of Ostend.

The ack-ack guns were barking like mad. The bursting shells smashed the house windows above him.

Never mind what it was he was after. He found it! And strafed it. . . .

With great ceremony, back at base, he insisted on escorting a barrel-load of flak to the appropriate salvage dump. Next day, another chap in his squadron showed up with a chunk of iron embedded in his fuselage. It was a piece of locomotive which had been blown sky-high as he wheeled for a second run.

"Better tell Micky," he said. "I'm beating him to it!"

And now—the fact is pleasing and true—there's a Spitfire station that has salvaged enough scrap metal to make 10,000 ack-ack shells.

Just a part of the R.A.F. service! In the strict R.A.F. manner!

NEW OFFENSIVES

ONE of the leading lessons of war is that success must be followed by success. No Army can afford to rest on its laurels.

When one objective is attained a fresh offensive must be mounted with all possible speed and carried through with even greater vigour.

The same rule holds true in every phase of the national war effort.

We have achieved marvellous successes in the salvage drive, but this does not mean that we can afford to slacken our efforts.

Everyone should "mount a fresh offensive" on the Salvage Front. And the aim should be to eclipse all past efforts.

If you are a Salvage Steward go round your district anew and inspire your neighbours with fresh zeal.

If you are an ordinary householder, get all your family busy collecting scrap of all kinds—paper, metal, rubber.

Follow success with success. And help to beat the enemy!

The critical years of GROWING-UP

FOOD FACTS

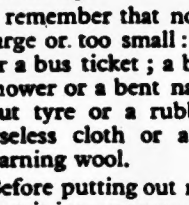
A message to the "teens" and their mothers

The years from fourteen to eighteen are critically important to a girl or boy's development.

Young people in their 'teens are leaving school and starting work. *What do they have for their mid-day meal?* Bun and tea? That isn't enough. They *must* have a square meal to keep them fit. Without it they will be undernourished, anæmic, liable to catch anything that's going, and easily overtired. If they can't buy a meal where they work, then they should be sure to take one with them.

IN THE PACKED MEAL:

The *Oslo Meal* — a good big helping of any raw mixed salad, bread and butter or margarine, a slice of cheese, a milky drink. Instead of cheese use tinned herring, pilchard or salmon sometimes. Try jacket potatoes instead of bread some days.



IN THE CANTEEN:

Thick soup and a slice of bread, this is better than tea and cake.

Bread and margarine and cheese with raw salad.

Always a helping of *green vegetables* if available; they're exceptionally rich in mineral salts and vitamins.

Buns, cakes, chocolate, etc., should be eaten only as extras, or "fillers". They do not take the place of a meal.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 146

Spring Offensive

Let Spring-cleaning this year be a big offensive against the enemy! A clean sweep will bring to light scores of unwanted odds and ends and bits and pieces which are no longer of any use, but all of which are good salvage — the raw materials to make munitions.

What do I do...?

I make a thorough search of every nook and cranny and every shelf, drawer and cupboard — *for salvage.*

I remember that nothing is too large or too small: a magazine or a bus ticket; a broken lawnmower or a bent nail; a worn-out tyre or a rubber ring; a useless cloth or a snippet of darning wool.

Before putting out my salvage I sort it into separate heaps ready for the collector when he calls.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. And it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/3½, 2/3, 3/11. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8. Purchase tax incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

L508

REDI-BILT

INTERLININGS

KEEP YOUR SUIT IN BETTER SHAPE

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

LAST LAUGH

S. C. (Stockport).—"If you are glum, you'll be ill." And if you are ill, you'll be glum.

R. T. (Leeds).—"We don't need the war to remind us that most of us, if encouraged, can dig up the land." Particularly the golfers.

SUSIE (Bradford).—"My boy is quicker on the draw than any Wild West film hero." Dentist?

B. L. (Sheffield).—"Gramophone records are dearer." Nevertheless, the B.B.C. remains firm in its policy of not charging more than 10s. a year.

F. M. (Margate).—"I believe there will be a keen demand for antiques after the war." If the Government requisitions your car in the meantime, it is just hard luck.

E. O. (Manchester).—"I invited several people to dinner, but the affair was not a success." Why? Didn't they bring their rations?

S. W. (Oxford).—"To prevent spectacles from steaming when entering a warm room, a person should walk through the door backwards." The Ministry of Fuel advises putting on less coal.

D. K (Canterbury).—"A Nazi General on the Eastern Front has an Italian batman." The language difficulty does not arise. The batman rises early in the morning to polish up his German.

E. W. (Wembley).—"A bomb exploded at a conference of French quislings." This concluded the business of the day, the meeting then rose.

C. M. (Leeds).—"Mussolini has again asked Hitler for aircraft to protect Northern Italy." The Fuehrer must have heard him the first time.

F. N. (Barnet).—"It is only some Englishmen who have a propensity for understatement." And income tax officials are seldom deceived.

R. L. (Iver).—"To mark the twentieth anniversary of Italian Fascism many high officials were presented with medals." In addition to the illuminated addresses distributed by the R.A.F.

SERGEANT (Essex).—"Since the outbreak of war I have developed what's believed to be the loudest word of command in the Army." At the termination of hostilities we shall watch with interest your career as a football spectator.

P. M. (Peebles).—"What do you think of the enclosed drawing of Winston Churchill?" So that's who it is?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"The population of the world, mate? Well, I reckon it's a thousand million human beings, and a few million Nazis."

Side-Slips

THE STAR:—"... on suspicion that he was in unlawful possession of property and found he had 101 BATTLES of gardenia scent."

WALSALL TIMES:—"An order was issued to have the dog kept to DISLIKE dustmen."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"Very often a custard or sauce has to be wasted because it turns out to be JUMPY in spite of careful mixing."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"... using molasses, four TOWNS are needed to produce one ton of food yeast."

BURY FREE PRESS:—"Her retirement ends 51 years' association of her family with the Post Office, as her father was POSTMISTRESS before her."

WESTERN GAZETTE:—"You can achieve a blouse with a little YOLK and short sleeves. ..."

GREATEST OF THESE

Most tragically, Joyce Barber's father was discharged from the Army in 1940 suffering from tuberculosis of the right lung. Since then he has been in and out of hospital continually. He has a wife and two children to keep, but can only do light work. His wife is afflicted by nervous trouble and is unable to work outside her home.

The whole family are now living in two rooms in a crowded London suburb. They are advised to move, but on their meagre income it is impossible for them to do so.

One child is very delicate, and the parents are always fearful that the children may contract T.B. through being compelled to live in such a cramped space.

Will you send a donation to assist this family in their unhappy plight? Donations earmarked "Joyce," or for our General Fund,* should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,570

Mrs. A. D. Donaldson, "Perran," Elmsleigh Gdns., Southampton, for this "Bullet":—

ALL MANKIND WANTS "UNDERSTANDING"—ESPECIALLY THE LADIES!

839: M. Chisholm, Cantraydown, Croy, Inverness.
Down In The Cellar—Musso, Recalling The Balcony!

810: G. Pike, 124, Portswood Road, Southampton.
Seven Days A Week—Giving *Civilisation* A "Break."

86: R. P. Thomas, 317, Maryvale Rd., Bournville, Birmingham.
Dad's Idea Of Singing—"Softly Awake—" By *Hat!*

84: Mrs. E. Duckham, 84, Colston St., Bristol.
Black World—Since "Mine Blew Up."

86: D. Scaty, 27a, Hamlet Rd., Chelmsford.
The Sky's The Limit When—The Balloons *Come Down!*

OVER £700 TO BE WON See Offers next page

83: J. S. Reid, 29, Giffnock Park Avenue, Glasgow.
Why Hitler's Shutting—Mouth—Feels "Trap Closing."

80a: C. Ward, "Droskyn," 192, Park Rd., Guiseley.
What We're Waiting For—Peace, To Get *Married!*

80a: G. Jeffery, 187, Bexley Lane, Sidcup.
Step Towards Victory—Cut Out Those "Doorsteps"!

84a: W. Richardson, Flat 2, John's Court, Gilton St., E.C.1.
Grandpa's On Meatless, So—Promotion—Or "Going Up"?

80a: Mrs. Morrison, 27, Corn Market, Belfast.
Tuned To The Limit—Auntie's Suitcase And "Bags"!

80a: M. Werner, Upper Winchendon, nr. Aylesbury.
From The Heart—Army Tailor Measures Up!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 322

WINNING WORDS: 1. Snare. 2. Flow. 3. Sky. 4. House. 5. Sole. 6. Velvet. 7. Walker. 8. Bed. 9. Enter. 10. Type. 11. Jay. 12. Score. 13. Dog or Leg. 14. Snow.

£100 SHARERS: J. Bovet, 77, Pendley Cross Lane, St. Helens; Mrs. H. Dandy, Norris House, Langton, nr. Preston; Mrs. M. Drawbridge, 2, Brook Cottage, High St., Lamberhurst, Kent; C. J. Hall, Kerry View, Tarbert, Argyll; Cpl. T. W. Morris, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Runners-up Award, value £23, shared between 33 entrants. In addition, 6 lb. Fruit Cake goes to each winner of prize of 10s. or over.

Give Iron

to hasten the day of victory! Salvage all the 'scrap' you can find and send it where it will be used to build the ships and shells and other armaments of war that will help to give the United Nations the strength to win their great fight for freedom.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Stomach Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3 and 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax.) Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

What a Relief

TO HEAL SO QUICKLY!

That's what you'll say if you apply Cadum to your skin trouble, cuts, wounds, burns, etc. Cadum is the double-action ointment: for the moment it is applied it stops the spread of infection: starts the growth of new, healthy skin. Thousands testify to the wonderful powers of Cadum's unique combination of ingredients that destroy germs — build up new tissues surely, swiftly. So if you have any skin trouble, treat it with Cadum and you'll soon experience the relief of healthy healing — quickly!

CADUM the wonder-healing ointment

1/6 & 3/5 (including tax) from all chemists

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Start NOW in "John Bull," round 4, of 2000 Xword Tournament—by simply competing for the week's £100 First Prize and Runners-up Awards value £25. If by Xword 13 you have won a prize of any kind (first or Runner-up) in ANY TWO CONSECUTIVE CONTESTS, you automatically share in EXTRA £500 CASH with any other Competitors who have similarly qualified in the course of Tournament.

ENTER on COUPON BELOW

Xword No. 322 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.						5p	5p	5p
DISGRACEFUL PLANNING PREVENTS TOO MUCH OF THIS	M	A	S		I	N	G		
UNPLEASANTNESS OF THIS MAY WELL BE MOSTLY SUPERFICIAL			S		U	M			
IT often DEMANDS CONSIDERABLE COURAGE FOR A SOLDIER TO	S	C	O		T				
COULD BE USED AS A GUIDE, OR SIGNAL					L	U	E		
MANY PEOPLE ARE GUILTLESS OF THIS IN FIGURE COUNTING	T	O	U		S				
THEY NEVER SEEM TO ENJOY TAKING ONE			R		S	K			
LOOK, ILL-MANNERED ONE IS APT TO DISPLAY AN ANVIL		B	O						
EVERY SHOULD BE ABLE TO RECOGNISE THIS BY NAME					I	N	E		
IT'S GRAND TO SEE SUCH AN ANIMAL LEAPING ABOUT AROUND	L	A	M						
TRAINING SHOULD MAKE A SOLDIER THIS			W		R	Y			
IT'D PROBABLY BOTHER LOOK TO LOOK THERE WHILST ARGUING		W	A		E	R	S		
SERVICE, CHRISTABLE KIDDY MAY BE SPENT BY	S	P	A		K				
A LOT OF THIS GOES ON AT SLEEPING TIMES		V	O		I	N	G		
IT TAKES A BOY TO BE OUT OF ONE	L	A	S						

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated May 28.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, MAY 10.

Signed .....

Address .....

326

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

DOUBLED 'Bullets' First — *and* 500 EXTRA PRIZES!

£250 £100 (FOR 2, 3 or 4 WEEKS) OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5

25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day— Friday, May 21.

IN BRITAIN'S ARMOURY
THANKS TO MONTGOMERY
BAND OF HEROES
WAR OR NO WAR
TAXATION'S COLOSSAL, BUT
IN DANGER
WE KNOW
WIFE AND FAMILY
KEY TO THE PROBLEM
HOUR AFTER HOUR
JUST THE THING

BULLETS 1,370 RESULT appears on page 14.

TIDE OF BATTLE
WHITEHALL MOVED AND
STROKE OF GENIUS
EXPLAINS A LOT
NOT TO BE SNIFFED AT
WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS
IF YOU'RE LUCKY
HOME COMFORTS
HAVING A GOOD TIME

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

HARVEST FOR .....
ON WITH THE.....AND
ONE LONG .....
FULL OF .....
EVERY LITTLE.....
LISTENING TO THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated May 28.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, May 10.
1,374

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,374—or Xword No. 326, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

VD
Venereal Diseases

"—a great evil and a grave menace"

—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Venereal diseases have increased by seventy per cent. since the war and are still increasing. They bring tragedy into the home, endanger the public health, damage the nation's war effort, and menace the future of the race.

What are the Venereal Diseases?

The two principal venereal diseases are Syphilis and Gonorrhœa. They are different diseases caused by quite different germs.

Syphilis is the more dangerous of the two. If not treated early and thoroughly by a specialist doctor it will seriously injure the vital organs — heart, blood vessels, brain, etc. — and may cause death or maiming in the prime of life. Syphilis can be passed on to an unborn child from its mother and (unless skilled treatment is given early in pregnancy) may cause blindness, deafness, mental and other defects.

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous to life, is more serious than is generally believed. It may cause sterility and chronic ill-health, and is one of the causes of inability to have children.

How they are spread

A man or woman suffering from syphilis or gonorrhœa passes the disease on to his or her partner during intercourse. Infection in any other way is rare because the germs of both diseases quickly die outside the human body.

Clean living is the only sure way of preventing infection. Free and easy sex behaviour carries a risk of infection and cannot be made safe. Abstinence is not harmful.

It is *not* true that the diseases can be caught only from professional prostitutes.

Venereal diseases are curable

but prompt treatment by a specialist doctor is essential. Quack treatment or self-treatment is useless, and may even be disastrous. Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. Only a doctor can tell when it is safe to stop treatment.

Where to get advice or treatment

Advice or treatment is available at the special clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. The treatment is free and confidential.

These are the signs

Syphilis. The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the reproductive organs. It appears from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually about three weeks.

Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge from the reproductive organs. This usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

Anyone who has any suspicious sore or unusual discharge or has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical advice AT ONCE. It is best to be sure.

Ignorance and secrecy are highly dangerous

Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department, or from the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Euston 3341.)

Issued by The Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (V.D. 3-43)

Relief from Rheumatism

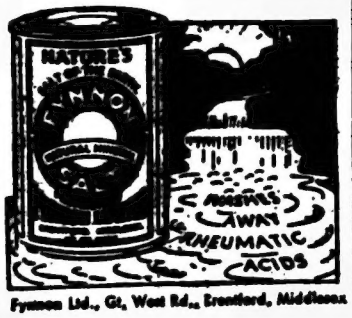
in less than a week—thanks to

Fynnon Salt

"I am a Liverpool mother," writes Mrs. R. C., *"and after having my baby I suffered from rheumatism and constipation for about four months . . . Then one day I noticed the 'Fynnon' advert. and I got a trial size. In less than a week I felt like a different person and I continued taking Fynnon . . . and now I am so fit and well I am going to take up war work. I would like every sufferer to know of the great value of Fynnon Salt."*

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism, etc. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

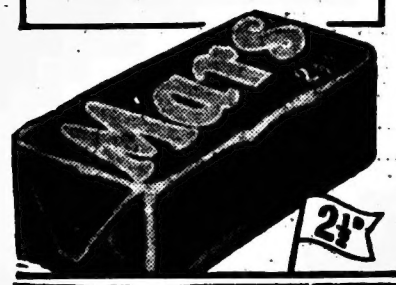


Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

"...WISH THEY WERE AN ISSUE"

COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES!

	CALORIES (for energy)
1 glass of Milk	169
1 Egg	70
1 slice of Bread	100
1 Lamb Chop	178
1 MARS	**213**



No wonder the Services go for Mars in a big way. There's more quick energy in these chunky candy bars than in many highly recommended energy foods (see chart). In fact, they are packed with delicious goodness — chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. And when you get them, spread and prolong your enjoyment — by cutting them up into slices.

Gibbs IN HANDY battledress REFILLS

7D

AND 11½d

Give your teeth a shine with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 239A

WATCH THE SQUANDER BUG

He loves to prowl around on polished counters and hear the cash registers knocking up the pounds, shillings and pence spent on things you can do without. 'Nice work,' he chuckles, 'doesn't help the war effort a bit!' Be on your guard against this little fifth-columnist. Put your spare cash into Savings Certificates where it's safe until you need it. Make your money fight for Britain!

Savings Certificates cost 15/- — and are worth 20/6 in 10 years — increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

HERE'S HOW TO SOLVE WASHDAY SOAP WORRIES!

Your washday soap worries fly away, when Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather gets to work in your wash-tub! For it's true! Oxydol's 'Busy Bubble' lather does twice the washing per coupon, and gets your wash spanking clean. And because Oxydol washes clothes clean the *safe*, gentle way, your clothes *last much longer*. This means you save clothes coupons.

5½d. size — 1 coupon
7d. size — 2 coupons
A Class 1 Product.
At your shop

REMEMBER This is the fourth week of Ration Period No. 10 (Ap. 25 - May 1)

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

New ANTISEPTIC SKIN BALM

shatters old ideas about ointments

For Spots, Pimples, Impetigo, Eczema, etc.

Replaces old-fashioned greasy, smelly ointments. White, non-greasy, pleasant to use. Proved ten times as efficient in killing germs as Carbolic Ointment. Makes skin clear and healthy in few days. Skin Specialists prescribe it. At Boots and best chemists 2/- (including tax) or send postal order 2/- for full size jar. Dee Health Laboratories Limited (Dept. 56T), 25/27, Berners Street, London, W.1.

VALDERMA Brand ANTISEPTIC BALM Regd.

Think *Use* STEAD RAZOR BLADES

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stops. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT

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